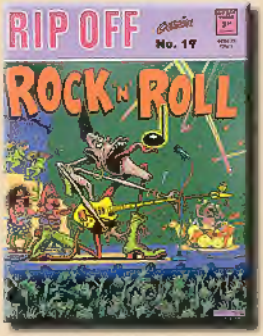

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Rip Off Comix #19

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51 - Rockers (Ad)
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Artists:

Gilbert Shelton - 1, 4-8
Guy Colwell - 1(c), 52
Kathe Todd - 2(t)
Mary Fleener - 9-10
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Larry Todd - 47-50
Steve Lafler - 51+(ad)

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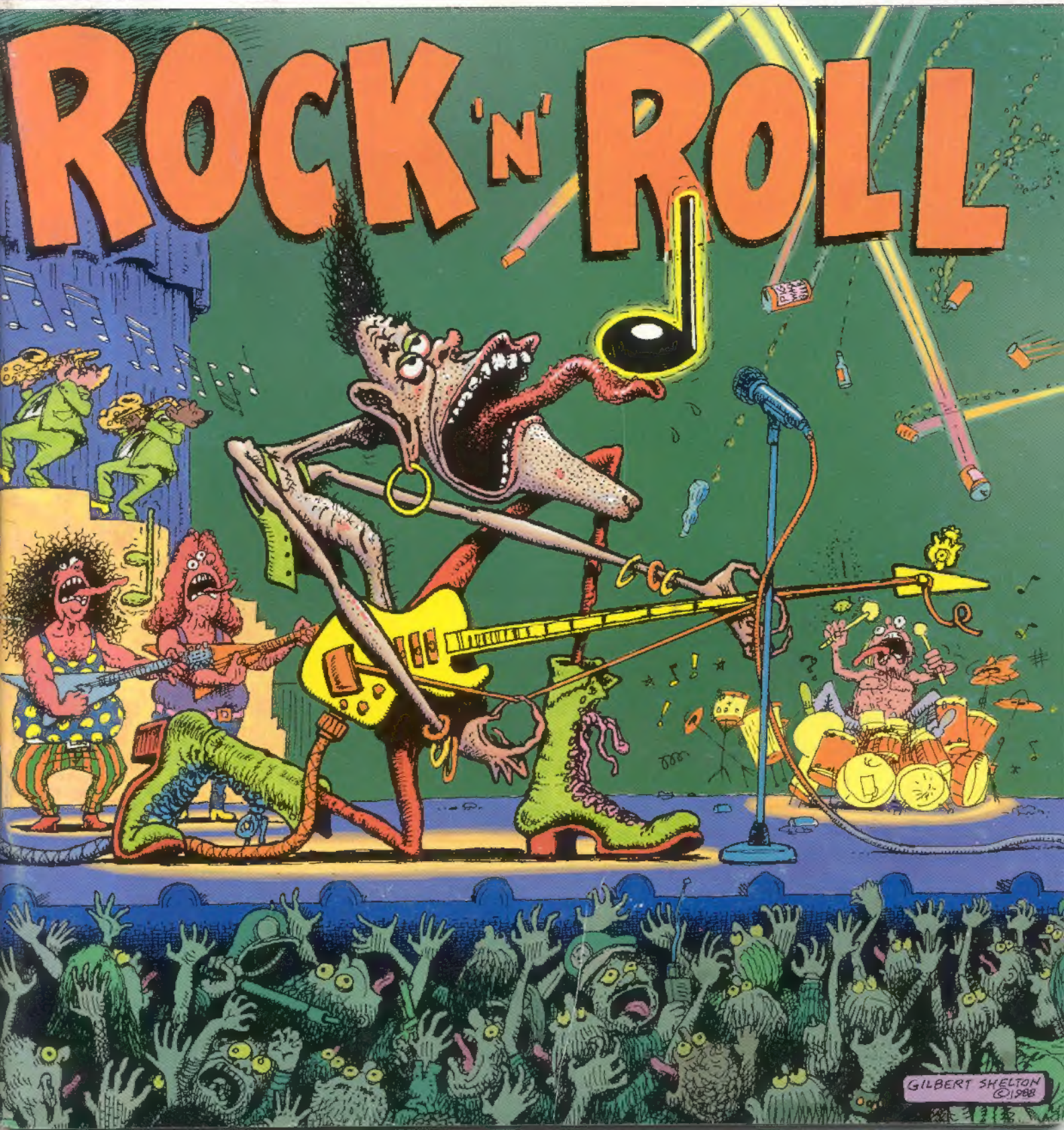

AN INTRODUCTION
BY KATHE TODD

ROCK AND ROLL! For virtually everybody born since about 1940, and especially for us Baby Boomers, could any three words be fraught with more power, more emotion, more connotations of sinful enjoyment? Condemned by our conservative elders as a nonsensical waste of time at best and a Satanic influence at worst, R&R has been heartily embraced by generation after generation of young people as the single best way to get our parents' goats and have fun at the same time. (Of course before there was Rock & Roll, grandma used to give *her* parents conniptions by bobbing her hair and indulging in such Works of the Devil as the Charleston and the Bunny Hug. The more things change, the more they stay the same. . .) In putting together this issue, it's come to my attention that an astonishingly large percentage of underground cartoonists have also spent some time as Rock musicians. Maybe that "Satanic influence" rap isn't all bullshit?

Leading off we have a new **Fat Freddy's Cat** story by **Gilbert Shelton**, who used to keep his electric piano directly below his drawing board in ROP's San Francisco studio, so he could loosen up his fingers and develop some fresh inspiration whenever he needed it. Then **Mary Fleener** relates a true story from her days in a band playing the "Lavendar Circuit" of dyke bars in Los Angeles. From Paris-based Dutch cartoonist **Willem** we learn the truth behind the rumor that Rock & Roll is a Commie plot, and **Scott Nickel** checks in with another view of the L.A. scene. **Joe Lee's "Perchance ta Canasta"** hasn't got much if anything to do with Rock & Roll, but when it showed up in my submission basket I couldn't wait to show it to the world. It's not often a new talent of such caliber turns up in U.G. comix. **Ace Backwords,** veteran Berkeley cartoonist who savagely lampoons nearly everybody and everything in his "Twisted Image" strips, shows us what could happen when generations of rockers clash. Nowadays of course all rock musicians are lovers of good clean fun who just say "no" to drugs, but **R.L. Crabb's "The Green Stuff"** tells a story of other times. Next we bring you a couple of **Mike McGetrick's** lighthearted **"Rock Starr"** strips, followed by **"Bill's Band"** by **Terry Laban**, another rising young star of the comix scene. Terry pays the bills with a cartooning job at an Ann Arbor, Michigan newspaper and self-publishes mini comix that we hope to be collecting in the next year or so. Underground veteran **Ron Foss**, whose "Angelique" strips will be featured next issue, contributes the one page **"Take It All Off."** Also off the theme, **Dennis Worden's "Stickboy in F.T.W."** continues with Episode Three. This will be the last segment of "F.T.W." to be serialized in *Rip Off*, as Fantagraphics will be bringing the story out in its own comic this summer. **Lindsay Arnold,** whose career has been long and checkered, delivers another true tale of life as a professional musician in **"On Tour with the Captain."** Only last week at the supermarket I saw a tabloid emblazoned with an enormous headline, "ELVIS IS ALIVE!," and **Bruce Bolinger's** "Stranger in a Strange Land" segment has all the details. **Wayne Honath**, whose droll "Howie the Hat" we'll be introducing in the future, shows us in **"The Bobfellows"** what it means to be a serious R&R devotee. Wrapping it all up, **Larry Todd's "Rock & Roll Aliens"** are out of this world!

This was a tough issue to edit, and it made me wish we could afford to double the number of pages so as to include all the great stuff we'd been sent by talented (and theoretically starving) cartoonists. As it is some pieces originally scheduled to appear had to be bumped, and should be showing up next time.

Next in ***Rip Off Comix No. 20:*** Oh God, they're poking fun at religion again! With characters like the Bakkers and Jimmy Swaggart around, how could they *not*? But don't worry, we'll be sure to give less-mainstream Godders like the Sikhs, New Age "Channelers" and others their fair share of abuse. Wouldn't want the A.C.L.U. down on us for discrimination.

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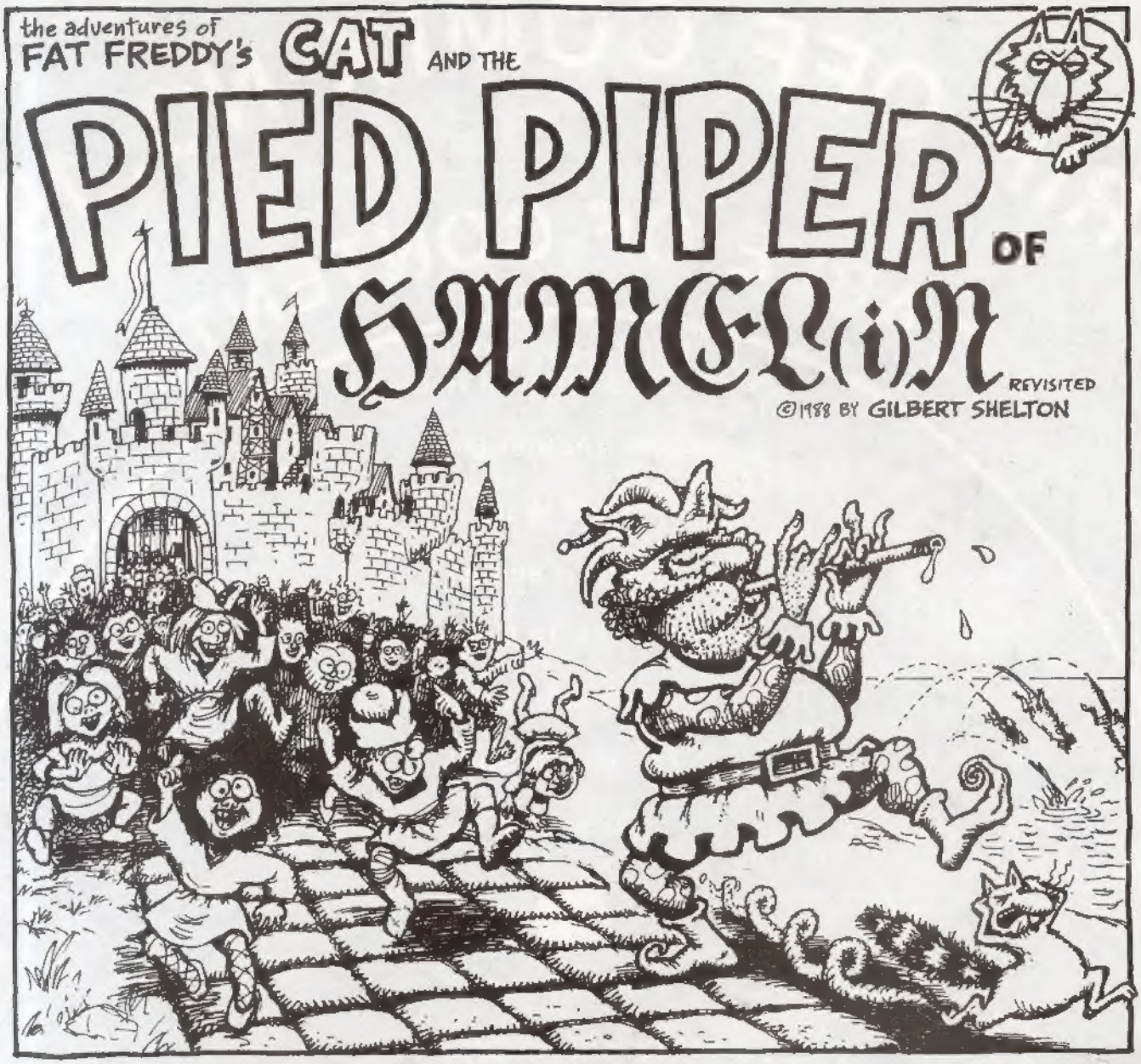
the adventures of FAT FREDDY'S CAT AND THE

PIED PIPER OF HAMEL(i)N

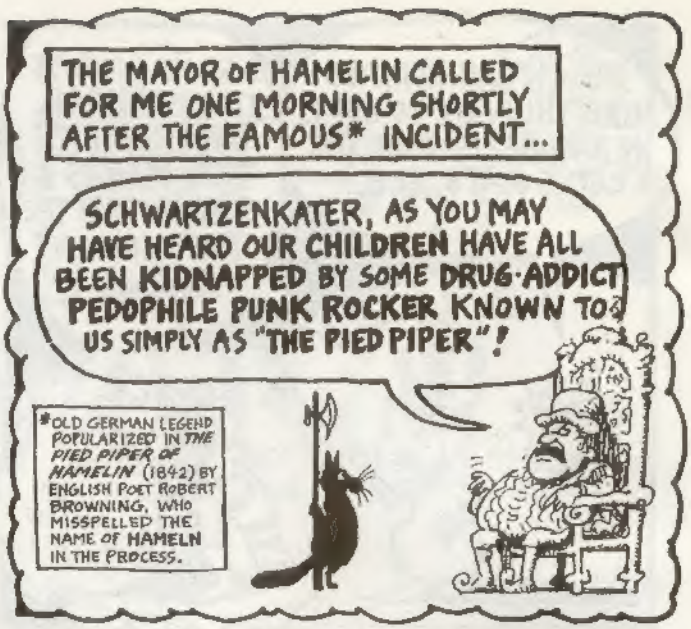
REVISITED

©1988 BY GILBERT SHELTON



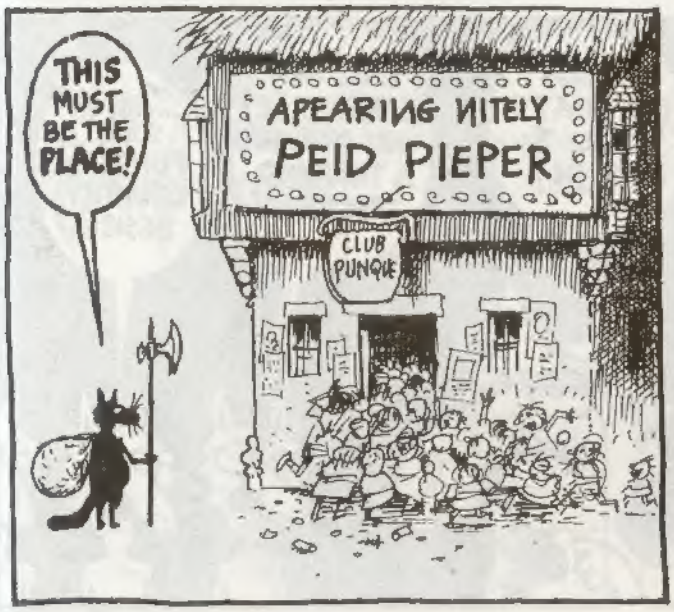
THE CITY AUTHORITIES HIRE THIS GUY TO COME IN AND GET RID OF THE CITY'S RATS, SEE...
...SO HE INVENTS THIS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT THAT MAKES A SOUND THAT THE RATS COULDN'T STAND...
...AND WHEN THE RATS HEAR THIS SOUND THEY ALL GO CRAZY AND DROWN THEMSELVES IN THE RIVER!
THE KIDS LIKED HIS SOUND, THOUGH...
...SO WHEN THE CITY COUNCIL PAYS THE GUY WITH A BAD CHECK...
...HE SPLITS WITH EVERY KID IN TOWN!
...AND THEY ALL GO TO HIS PUNK NIGHTCLUB ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER WHERE THEY ALL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER IN A PERPETUAL ORGY OF SEX, DRUGS, & ROCK 'N' ROLL!
ALMOST! BUT THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!
YOU? HOW CAN THAT BE? THAT STORY WAS A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!
...AND IN SOME FOREIGN COUNTRY, BESIDES!

IT WAS BACK IN ONE OF MY PREVIOUS LIVES!
IN THOSE DAYS I WAS KNOWN AS SCHWARTZENKATER THE MAGNIFICENT!
I JUST HAVE A FEW BLACK STRIPES LEFT NOW, BUT BACK AT THE TIME I WAS SOLID BLACK!

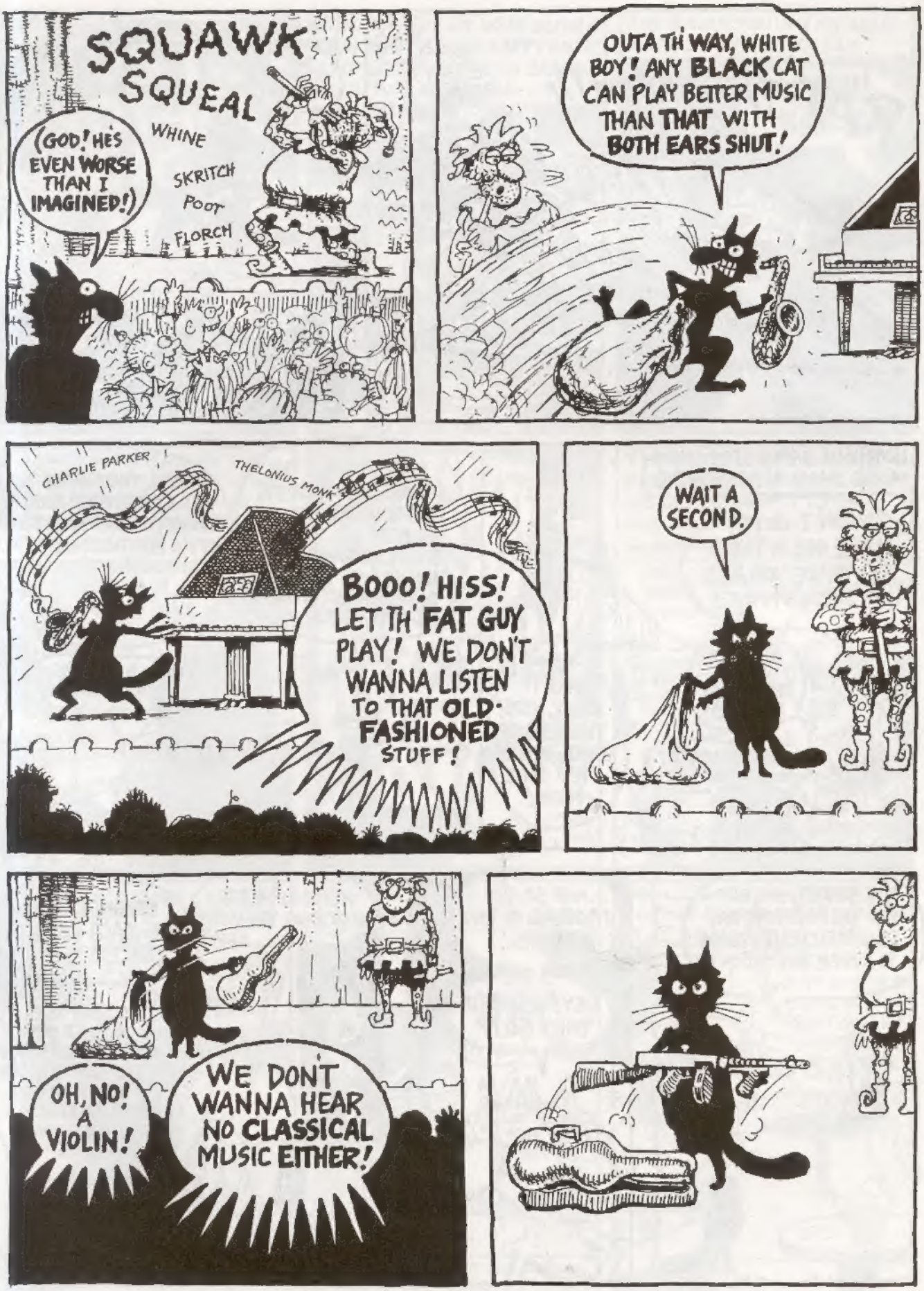

THE MAYOR OF HAMELIN CALLED FOR ME ONE MORNING SHORTLY AFTER THE FAMOUS* INCIDENT...
SCHWARTZENKATER, AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OUR CHILDREN HAVE ALL BEEN KIDNAPPED BY SOME DRUG-ADDICT PEDOPHILE PUNK ROCKER KNOWN TO US SIMPLY AS "THE PIED PIPER"!
*OLD GERMAN LEGEND POPULARIZED IN THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN (1842) BY ENGLISH POET ROBERT BROWNING, WHO MISSPELLED THE NAME OF HAMELN IN THE PROCESS.

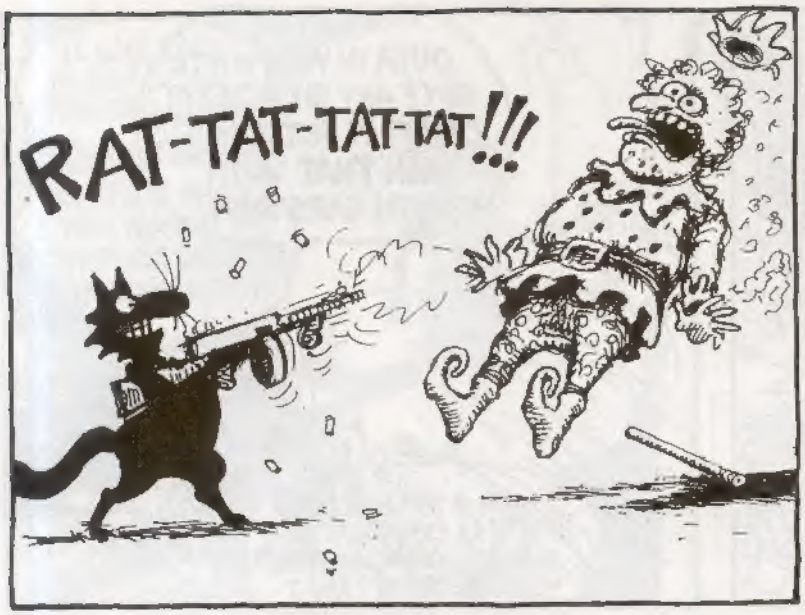
WE WANT YOU TO GO AND TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY, AND WE DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT!
JUST GET OUR KIDS BACK!
AND YOU CAN THROW ALL THEIR DRUGS IN THE RIVER WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!
YES, SIR!

I GUESS I OUGHT TO GO GIVE THE FELLOW A LISTEN BEFORE I OFF HIM...
HMM... THE TRAIL'S NOT HARD TO FOLLOW...


THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!
APEARING NITELY
PEID PIEPER
CLUB PUNQUE

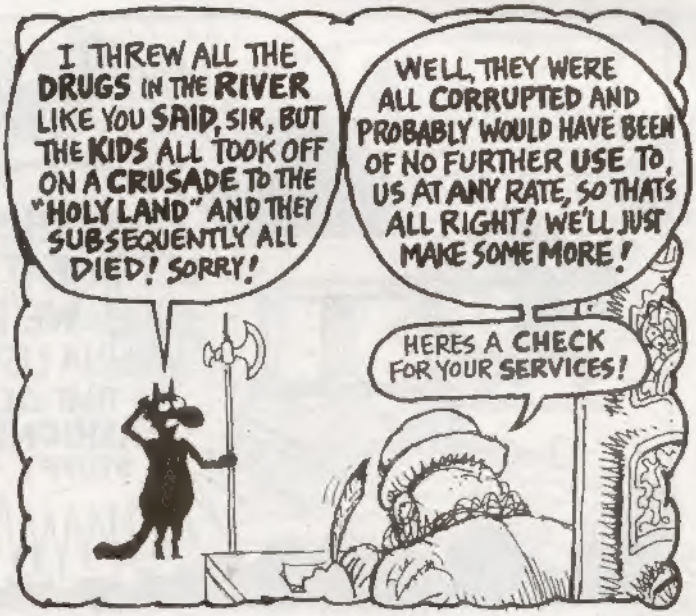
WHAT A SORDID* ESTABLISHMENT!
BOYS AND GIRLS, HEEEEEEEEERE'S TH' PIED PIPER!
*TOO SORDID TO DRAW IN DETAIL

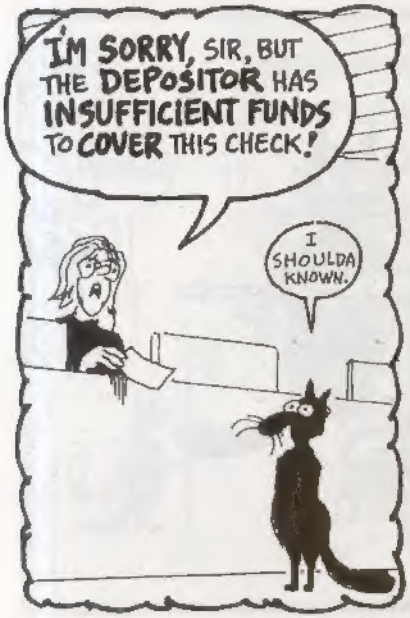

SQUAWK
SQUEAL
WHINE
SKRITCH
POOT
FLORCH
(GOD! HE'S EVEN WORSE THAN I IMAGINED!)
OUTA TH' WAY, WHITE BOY! ANY BLACK CAT CAN PLAY BETTER MUSIC THAN THAT WITH BOTH EARS SHUT!
CHARLIE PARKER
THELONIUS MONK
BOOO! HISS! LET TH' FAT GUY PLAY! WE DON'T WANNA LISTEN TO THAT OLD-FASHIONED STUFF!
WAIT A SECOND.
OH, NO! A VIOLIN!
WE DON'T WANNA HEAR NO CLASSICAL MUSIC EITHER!


RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!!

THAT IMPRESSED 'EM.
NOT VIOLINS! VIOLENCE!

NOTHING IMPRESSES KIDS MORE THAN VIOLENCE.
WOW! I GOTTA HAVE ONE OF THOSE! I'LL TRADE YOU ALL MY DRUGS FOR IT!
I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS!
DOUBLE! TRIPLE!
TAKE IT EASY, KIDS! THERE'S LOTS MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM!


I THREW ALL THE DRUGS IN THE RIVER LIKE YOU SAID, SIR, BUT THE KIDS ALL TOOK OFF ON A CRUSADE TO THE "HOLY LAND" AND THEY SUBSEQUENTLY ALL DIED! SORRY!
WELL, THEY WERE ALL CORRUPTED AND PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN OF NO FURTHER USE TO US AT ANY RATE, SO THATS ALL RIGHT! WE'LL JUST MAKE SOME MORE!
HERES A CHECK FOR YOUR SERVICES!


I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THE DEPOSITOR HAS INSUFFICIENT FUNDS TO COVER THIS CHECK!
I SHOULDA KNOWN.

...AND SO, THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS...
HEY! WHERE'D THEY GO??

WE'RE IN HERE WATCHING TEEVEE!
"BRAINDEAD AND THE CACA-TONES IN CONCERT" IS ON!
AFTER THIS WE'RE GONNA WATCH "A BUNCH OF KILL-HAPPY COPS FROM SOME STUPID AMERICAN CITY"! THAT'S THE BEST SHOW ON TELEVISION BUT YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T LIKE IT!
END

JUST ANOTHER GIG
by MARY FLEENER ©1988

IT WAS ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE SHOWTIME AT "THE HAPPY HOUR", A LITTLE DYKE BAR IN ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
POSTER OF OUR EGOTISTICAL SINGER WHO WE ALL HATED
HALF MOON

AND I WAS TUNING MY BASS WHEN I HEARD HER SAY
HEY YOU! BITCH!!

I HADN'T BEEN PLAYING "THE LAVENDER CIRCUIT" VERY LONG AND I'LL ADMIT IT, I WAS A BIT ON GUARD, BUT SHE DIDN'T MEAN ME, DID SHE?
EXCUSE ME?

WELL, WHAT'S IT GONNA BE? YER RIGHT TIT OR YER LEFT TIT?

I STARTED LAUGHING. ME KNOW THIS GRUBBY CREATURE? SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY DRUNK AND MUST'VE THOUGHT I WAS SOMEONE ELSE...
HEY LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT! WHO ARE YOU?
YOU STOOD ME UP IN BIG BEAR... goddamnit... THAT POKER GAME... GRRR... goddamn BITCH...
WHAT POKER GAME? BIG BEAR?

SHUT UP!!! LISSEN, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT, SEE THIS?
WHY ME?

JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, I STARTED BABBLING AWAY
YEAH, I KNOW YEW...
SHE WAS SO WASTED SHE BEGAN TO TALK TO THE WALL BESIDE HER

THEN I GOT EMBARRASSED. A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE LOOKING AT US AND... OBSERVING.
YER LYIN'!!! JUST CUZ YER SOME HOT SHOT SINGER DON'T MEAN SHIT!

I WAS ANNOYED AND WANTED TO GO OVER SOME NEW SONGS AND THIS GAL WAS HOPELESS **NOT** TO MENTION STUBBORN.

YOU ARE **SO!** — I'M **NOT** THE SINGER! — AM NOT! — YES! — NO! — YES! — NO!

THE SPEED I'D TAKEN WAS STARTING TO KICK IN AND THE THREE BEERS I'D CONSUMED FOR "DINNER" MADE ME FORGET ABOUT THE KNIFE. **I** WANTED A CIGARETTE®!

GODDAMMIT! I PLAY THE **BASS! SEE?** WOULD I BE TUNING A **BASS** IF I WAS THE **SINGER? HUH?**

® AT LEAST I'VE QUIT THOSE.

AS I STOOD AND TURNED TO GET MY SMOKES I FELT THE NECK OF MY GUITAR HIT SOMETHING...

OUCH!

MUCH TO **MY** SURPRISE, I'D WACKED HER HAND AND THE BARTENDER GRABBED THE KNIFE. SHE STARTED CRYING.

I LOVED YEW! sob! YESAHDID...

I COULD ALMOST FEEL PITY FOR HER EXCEPT SHE WAS TALKING TO THE WALL AGAIN!

I EXPERIENCED A DELAYED REACTION AS I REALIZED I'D ALMOST BEEN **CARVED.**

THAT ONE'S ALWAYS ON THE WARPATH! YOU **OK,** HONEY?

THE OWNER

LA Dodgers

Y...Y...YEAH I'M... O.. OK...

SOMEONE BROUGHT ME A DRINK (A GIMLET) AND EVERYONE STARTED TALKING AT ONCE

WHY'D SHE PICK ON MARY, HERE?

Y'KNOW THE POSTER BEHIND THE DRUMS..? SHE LOOKS LIKE TH' SINGER!

MY **GHOD!** DO I LOOK **THAT** UGLY?

SHE THOUGHT IT WAS **YOUR** PICTURE ON TH' POSTER, MARY!

HA HA HA HA

CANDY, THE BIG SAMOAN TRANSVESTITE COCKTAIL WAITRESS, TOOK CHARGE.

I ESTHCORTED THE PATRON TO HER **VEHICLE** AND INFORMED **HER HIGHNESS** SHE WUZ 86'd FOR **LIFE** AND IF SHE EVER FREQUENTS THIS ESTABLISHMENT A-**GAIN,** I'LL PERSONALLY **REAM HER A NEW ONE!**

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHEN THE REST OF THE BAND GOT THERE, WE HAD A GOOD LAUGH OVER IT. OUR SINGER PLAYED INNOCENT BUT EVERYONE IN THE BAR HAD SOME VERSION OF THE TRUTH.

...SO SHE LOST 300 BUCKS IN THAT POKER GAME AND SAID YOU CAN HAUE MY BODY INSTEAD SO THEY BOTH JUMP IN TH' SACK ONLY... **NO** BATTERIES FOR TH' VIBRATOR! THEN THEY BOTH THREW UP.. blah .. blah.

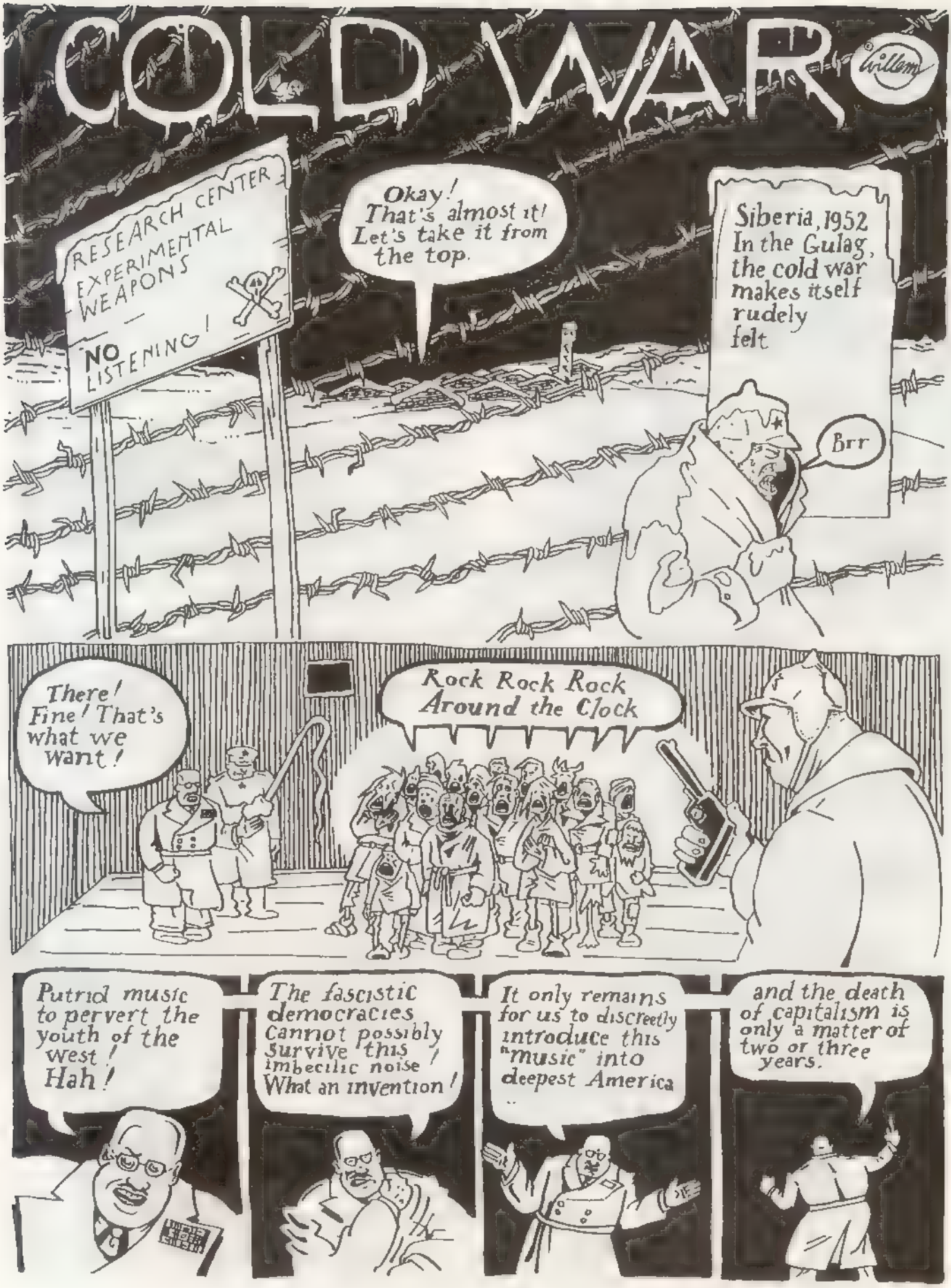
NO!

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS THAT WAS **MAGIC.** WE SOUNDED GREAT AND I PLAYED MY ASS OFF AND THE ENTIRE CROWD DID THE **CONGA LINE.**

SOMEDAY I'M GONNA WRITE A **BOOK!**

THE END

COLD WAR


RESEARCH CENTER
EXPERIMENTAL WEAPONS
NO LISTENING!
Okay! That's almost it! Let's take it from the top.
Siberia, 1952 In the Gulag, the cold war makes itself rudely felt
Brr
There! Fine! That's what we want!
Rock Rock Rock Around the Clock
Putrid music to pervert the youth of the west! Hah!
The fascistic democracies cannot possibly survive this imbecilic noise! What an invention!
It only remains for us to discreetly introduce this "music" into deepest America ..
and the death of capitalism is only a matter of two or three years.

Four years later. In a soviet village, the police are putting an end to a soirée of "stilyagi"

Enough! Send this hooligan away!

Bunch of parasites!

But... we're only dancing to rock'n'roll music!

RADIO FREE EUROPE

Who told you about our party? Who turned us in?

Shut up, faggot!

In the miserable apartment of the family Omkov..

The soup's getting cold

We don't have to wait for Yuri, woman

He wast just arrested for decadence

I understand. You denounced your own son, didn't you?

Just like you did your old father in 1930. He was never seen again.

Hush, woman

It was my duty as a soviet citizen. My father had doubts about Stalin! Anyone would have done the same thing.

Besides, a good re-education under strict surveillance won't do Yuri any harm. He was getting more zoot-suity every day.

Hm, obviously you haven't read the paper
Stalin wrong. If you can't even believe in Him.. What will become of us?
This world is going to change, You'll see.
ПРАВДА
STALIN MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN SLIGHTLY WRONG FROM TIME TO TIME
What!?
To begin with, you'd better put away that medal you got for turning in your father to Stalin's secret police
And Yuri, my son...
After things change, they'll arrest me for having denounced...
Quick, my shoes
Yuri, dear Yuri, I'll get you out of this. I'll make up something.
POLICE
Good evening commissar.
Why, it's Omkov...
POLICE

Thanks again for the tip. We were able to apprehend an entire band of teddy-boys.

That's just it, Commissar. It was a...uh.. misunderstanding

?
They were dancing rock, it's true.

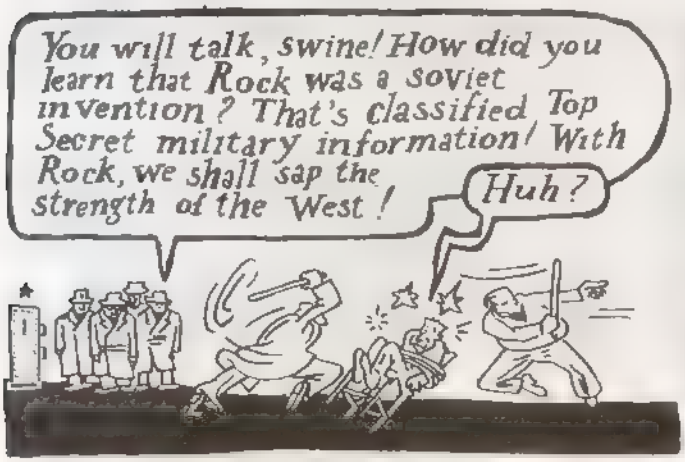
But Rock is not the music of capitalist apes.

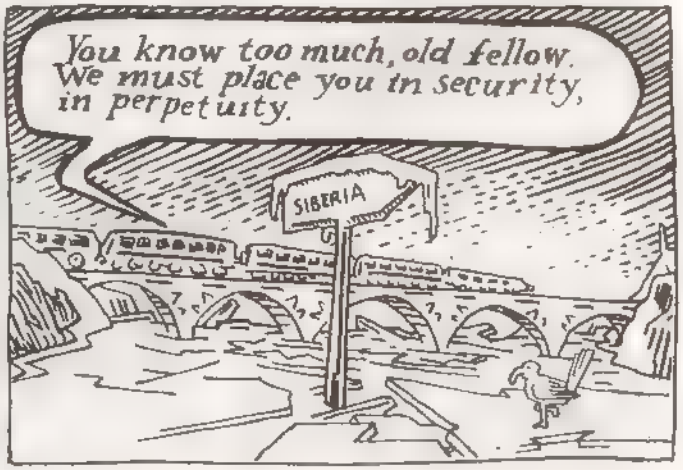
Rock was invented by the Revolutionary Russian Proletariat!
Where did you learn that?

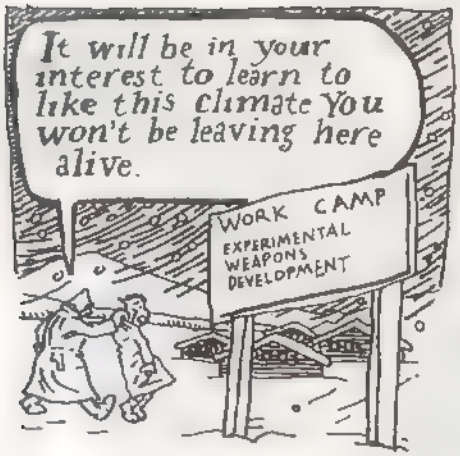
Just like the automobile, the helicopter, and the frozen pizza! Rock music is a triumph of Soviet Technology!
You don't say

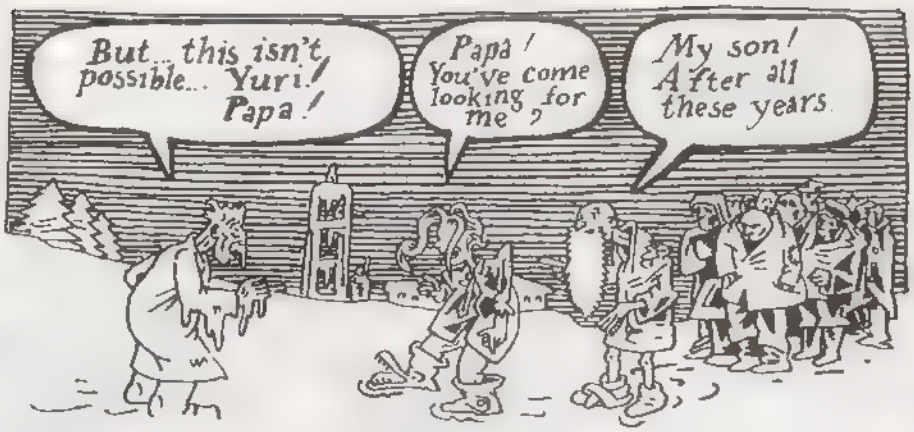
Thank you. This interesting matter must be taken up at the highest levels.
Good Can I take my son back?

We still have need of your son, Omkov.
And you too, besides.


You will talk, swine! How did you learn that Rock was a soviet invention? That's classified Top Secret military information! With Rock, we shall sap the strength of the West!
Huh?

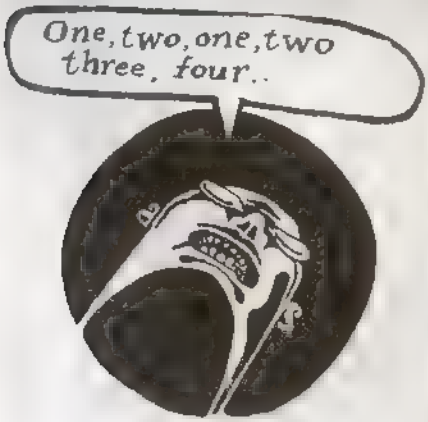

You know too much, old fellow. We must place you in security, in perpetuity.
SIBERIA


It will be in your interest to learn to like this climate You won't be leaving here alive.
WORK CAMP
EXPERIMENTAL WEAPONS DEVELOPMENT


But... this isn't possible... Yuri! Papa!
Papa! You've come looking for me?
My son! After all these years.

Papa, excuse me for having denounced you in 1930.
All is forgiven, my son
At any rate, we're all in the same mess now

Hey, you back there! Get hopping! We're already behind in our weekly production quota


One, two, one, two three, four..

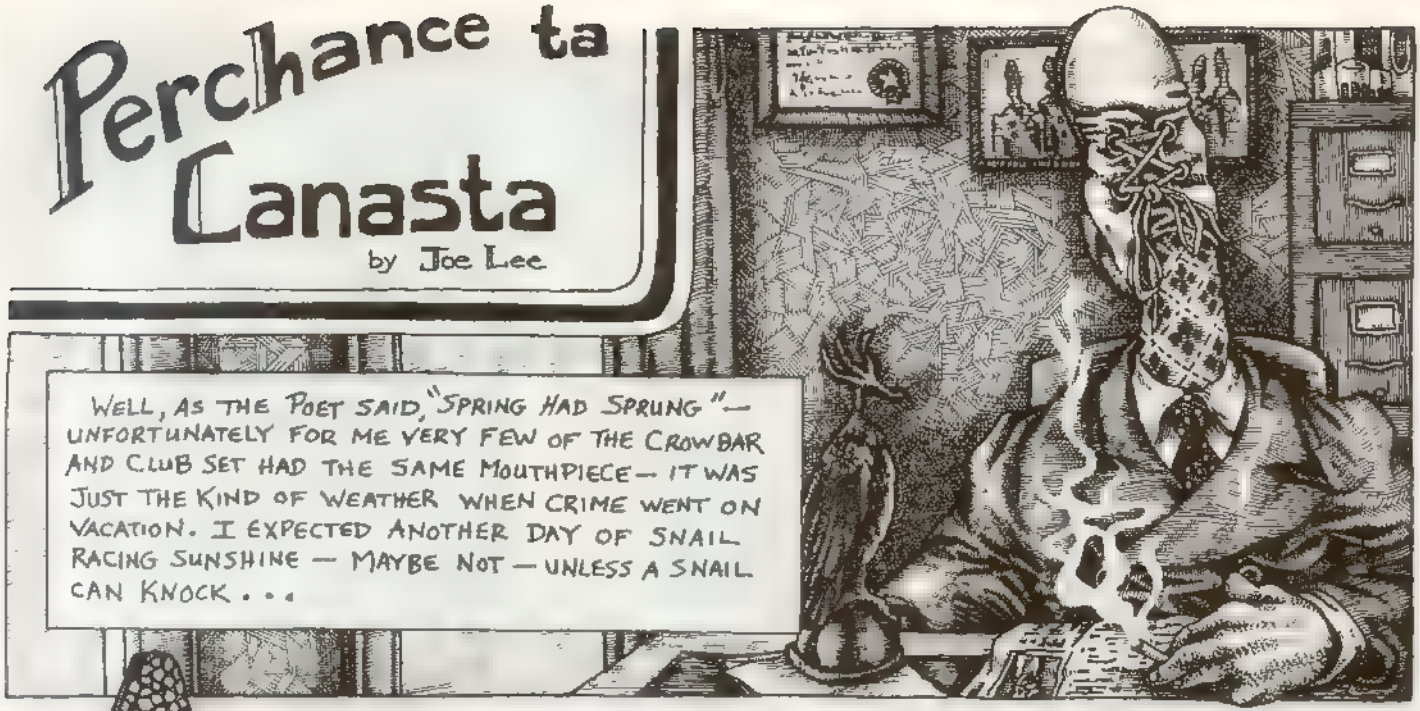
AWOPBOPALOOBOP ALOPBAMBOOM, TUTTI FRUTTI!
END

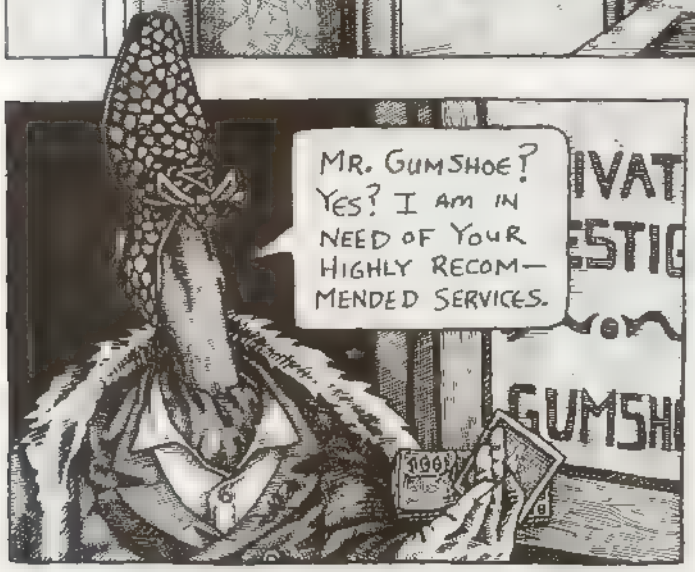
merf 'n eedle

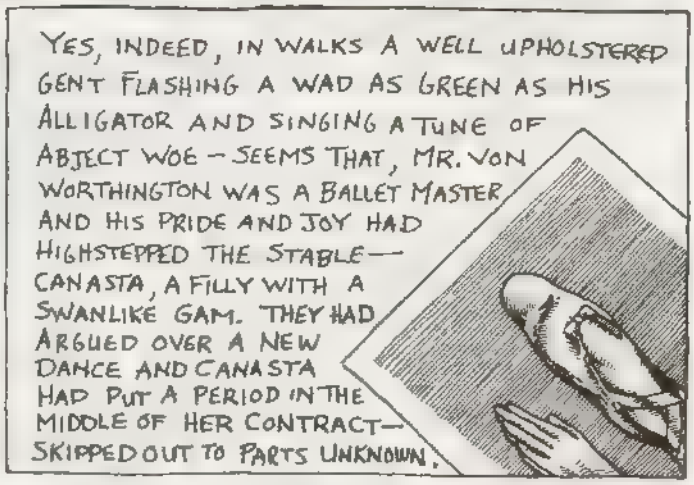
by Scott Nickel

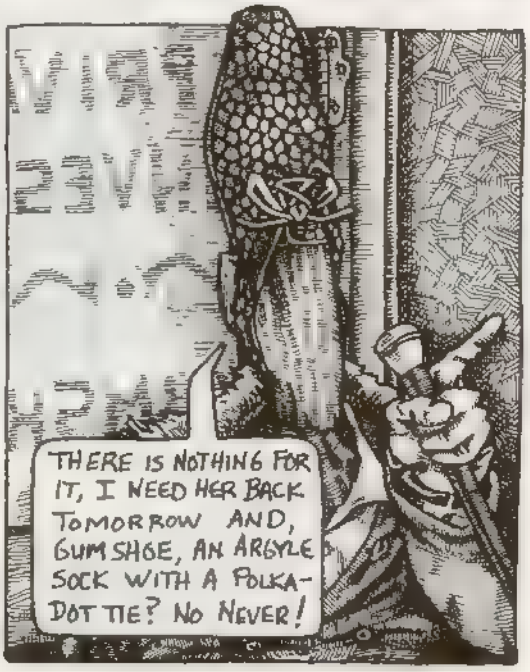
Perchance ta Canasta

by Joe Lee



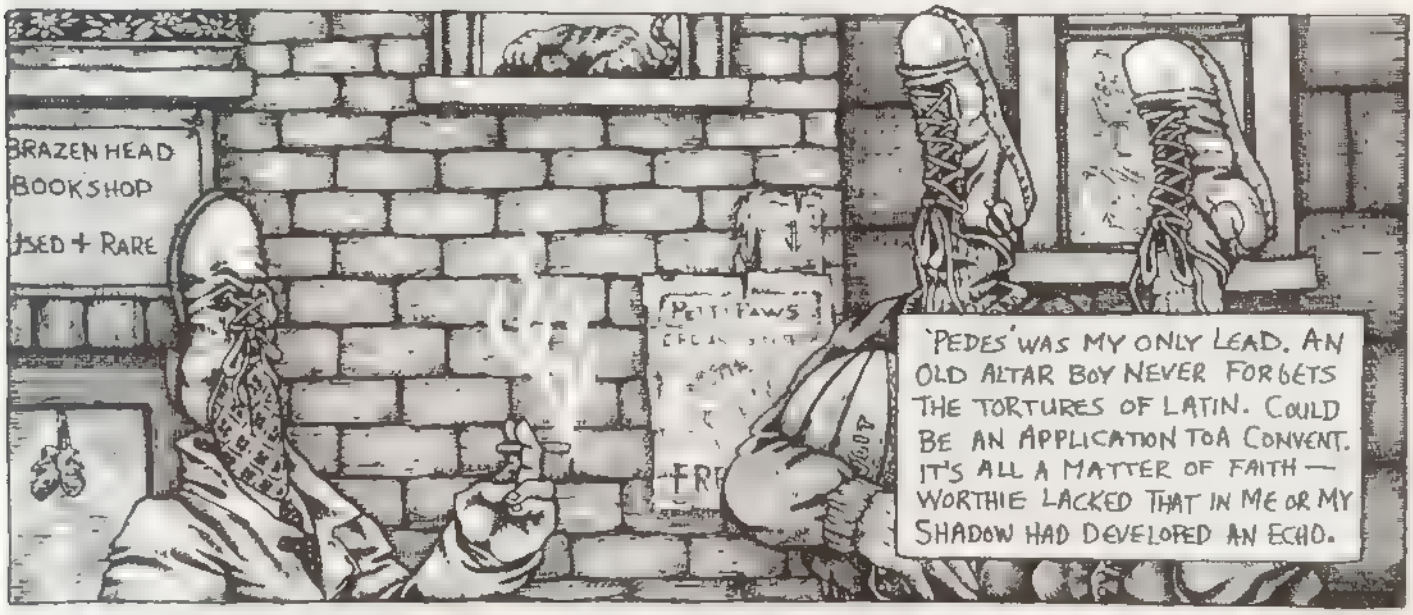






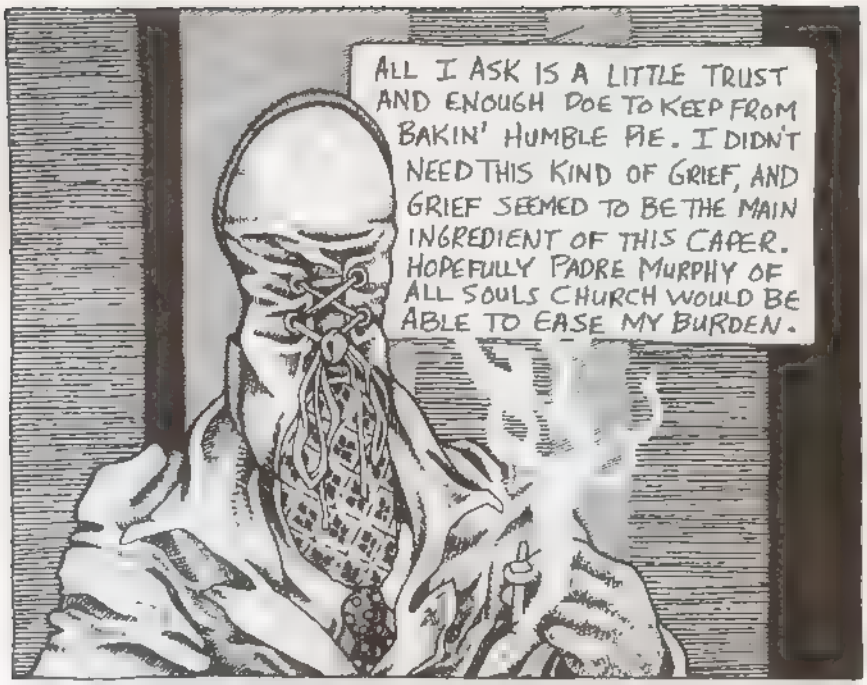
THIS CASE WAS AS EASY TO CHEW AS FIFTY CENT STEAK. I DECIDED TO STOP IN AT THE CITY MORGUE— MEAT SOMETIMES FINDS IT'S WAY TO THE FREEZER.
PETTI PAWS
POST BILLS

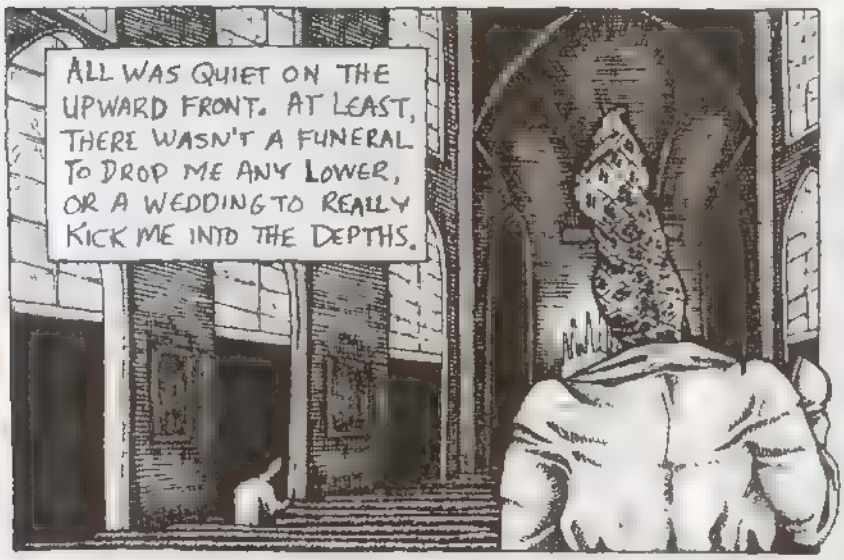
NO, WE AIN'T TAGGED NO TOES LIKE THIS. SORRY . . .
OKAY, SARGE, KEEP IT COOL, BUT NOT TOO.


BRAZEN HEAD BOOKSHOP
USED + RARE
PETTI PAWS
'PEDES' WAS MY ONLY LEAD. AN OLD ALTAR BOY NEVER FORGETS THE TORTURES OF LATIN. COULD BE AN APPLICATION TO A CONVENT. IT'S ALL A MATTER OF FAITH — WORTHIE LACKED THAT IN ME OR MY SHADOW HAD DEVELOPED AN ECHO.

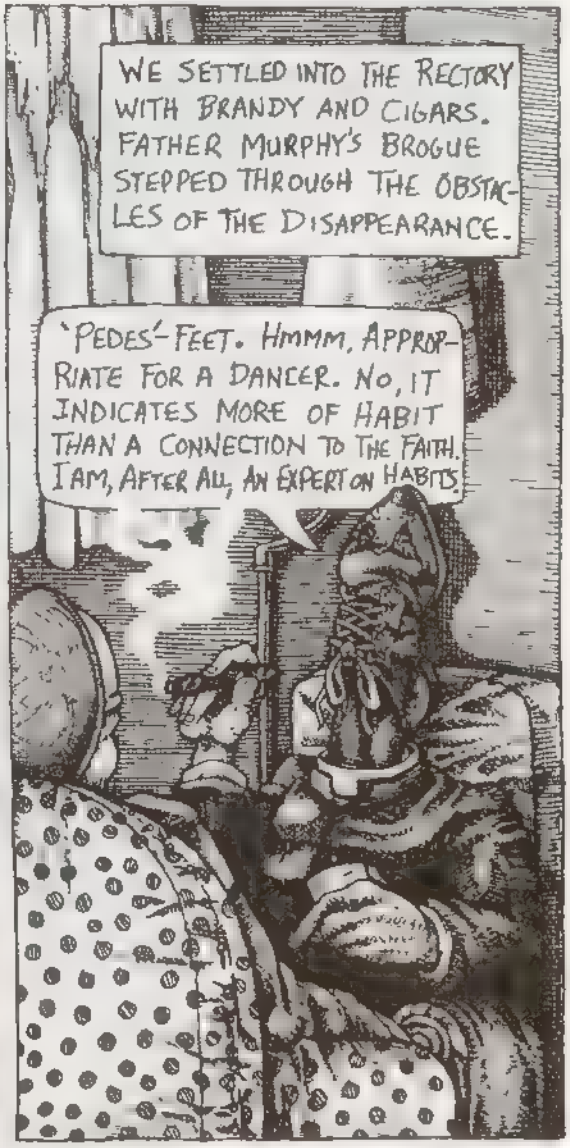
HOZANNA, PAL! IT'S A MIRACLE WHEN THE BLIND SEE . . .

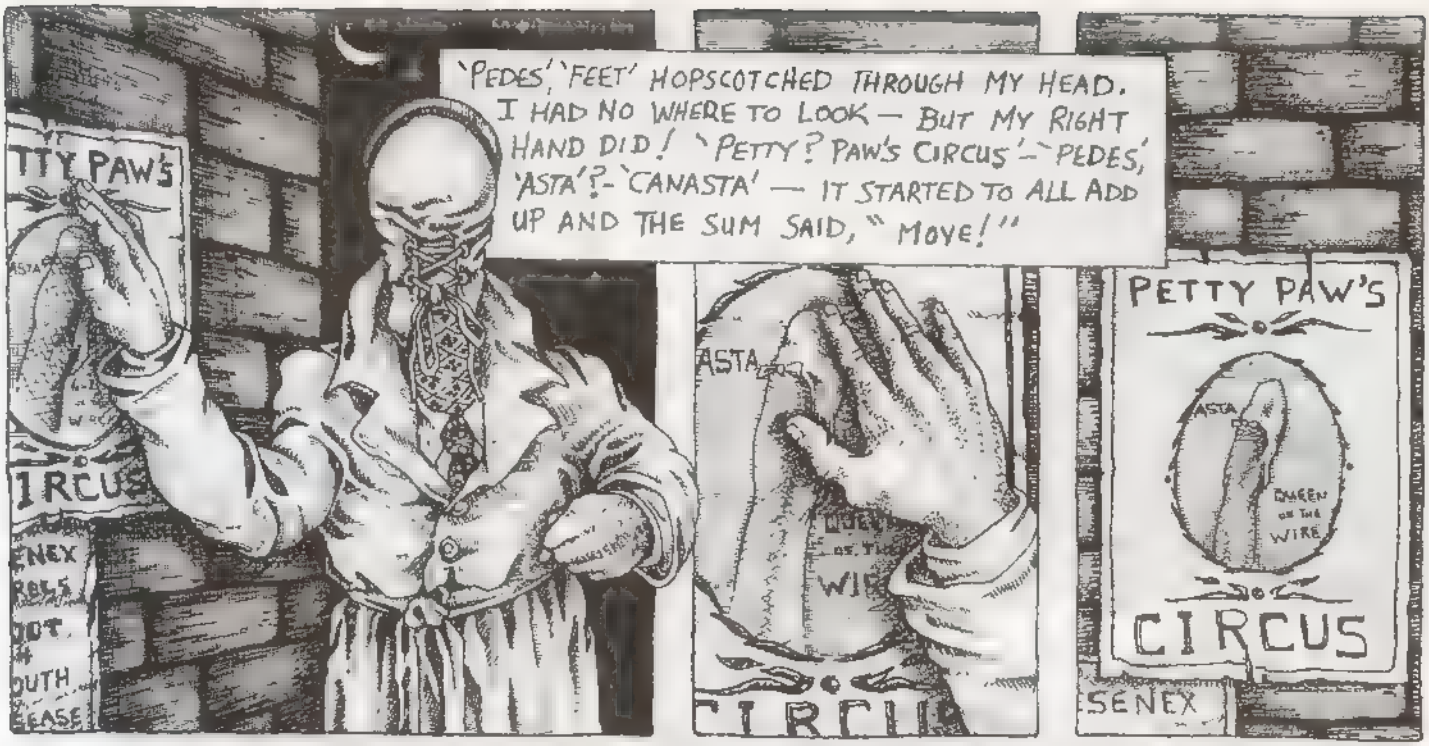
WAIT, DON'T SH-SH-SHOOT! VON WORTHINGTON SAYS I WAS TO FOLLOW AND, AND . . . I MEANT NOTHIN'— HONEST!
RIGHT, SPATS . . . TELL YOUR BOSS YOUR TAIL WAGGED THE WRONG WAY — NEXT TIME IT'LL BE IN THE SOUP!


ALL I ASK IS A LITTLE TRUST AND ENOUGH DOE TO KEEP FROM BAKIN' HUMBLE PIE. I DIDN'T NEED THIS KIND OF GRIEF, AND GRIEF SEEMED TO BE THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF THIS CAPER. HOPEFULLY PADRE MURPHY OF ALL SOULS CHURCH WOULD BE ABLE TO EASE MY BURDEN.


ALL WAS QUIET ON THE UPWARD FRONT. AT LEAST, THERE WASN'T A FUNERAL TO DROP ME ANY LOWER, OR A WEDDING TO REALLY KICK ME INTO THE DEPTHS.

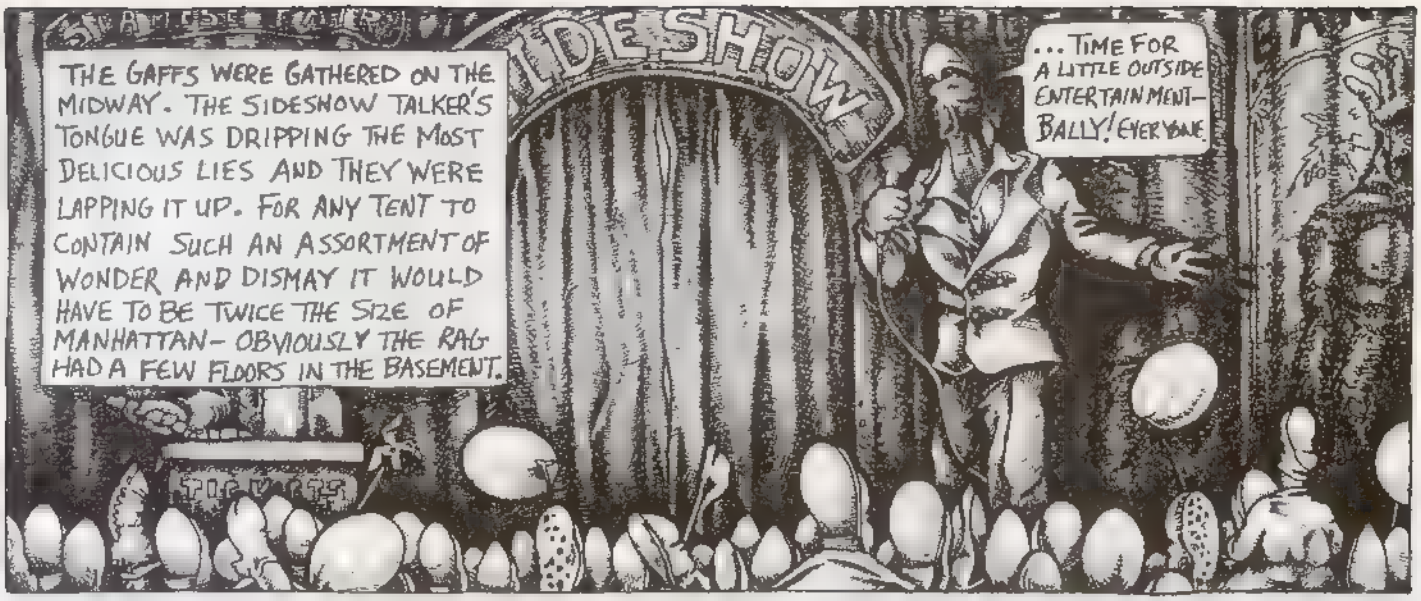
FATHER MURPHY, I HAVE A PROBLEM. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE CAN HELP...
YES, MY SON, CONFESSION IS SO...
NO, FATHER! IT'S JUST A LITTLE BUSINESS MATTER.

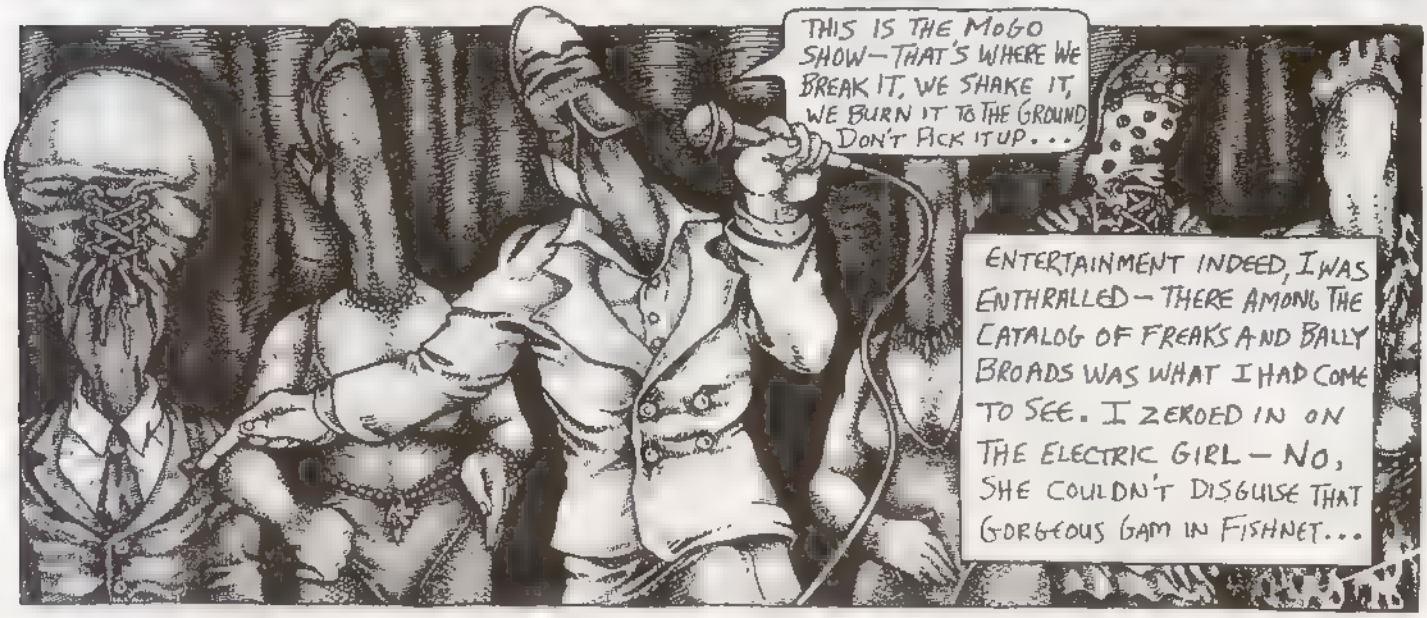

WE SETTLED INTO THE RECTORY WITH BRANDY AND CIGARS. FATHER MURPHY'S BROGUE STEPPED THROUGH THE OBSTACLES OF THE DISAPPEARANCE.
'PEDES'-FEET. HMMM, APPROPRIATE FOR A DANCER. NO, IT INDICATES MORE OF HABIT THAN A CONNECTION TO THE FAITH. I AM, AFTER ALL, AN EXPERT ON HABITS.

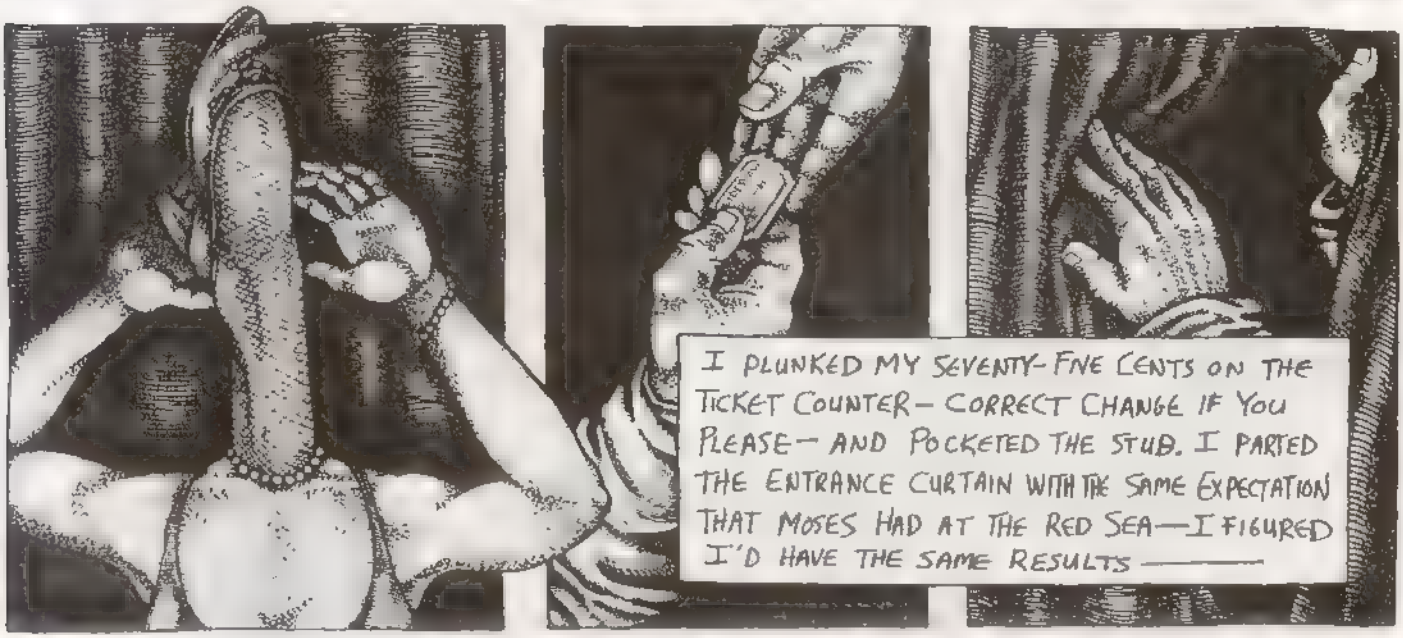

'PEDES', 'FEET' HOPSCOTCHED THROUGH MY HEAD. I HAD NO WHERE TO LOOK — BUT MY RIGHT HAND DID! 'PETTY? PAW'S CIRCUS' — 'PEDES', 'ASTA'?- 'CANASTA' — IT STARTED TO ALL ADD UP AND THE SUM SAID, "MOVE!"
PETTY PAW'S
CIRCUS
SENEX

CIRCUS GROUNDS! AND STEP ON IT!

TAXI
THE CIRCUS POPPED UP LIKE A DIRTY BIRTHDAY CAKE UNDER A CANOPY OF STARS. ANTS CRAWLED ALL OVER THE PICNIC, PAYING FOR JELLY BEANS AND BITS OF ICING TO GUM UP THE HOME NEST. I WAS A HORNET AT THIS PARTY AND READY FOR THE STING.

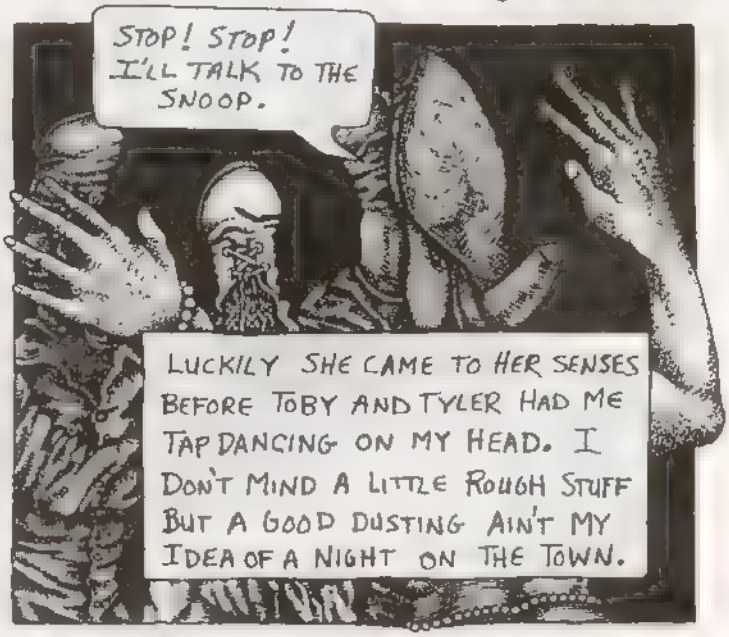

THE GAFFS WERE GATHERED ON THE MIDWAY. THE SIDESHOW TALKER'S TONGUE WAS DRIPPING THE MOST DELICIOUS LIES AND THEY WERE LAPPING IT UP. FOR ANY TENT TO CONTAIN SUCH AN ASSORTMENT OF WONDER AND DISMAY IT WOULD HAVE TO BE TWICE THE SIZE OF MANHATTAN— OBVIOUSLY THE RAG HAD A FEW FLOORS IN THE BASEMENT.
...TIME FOR A LITTLE OUTSIDE ENTERTAINMENT— BALLY! EVERYONE

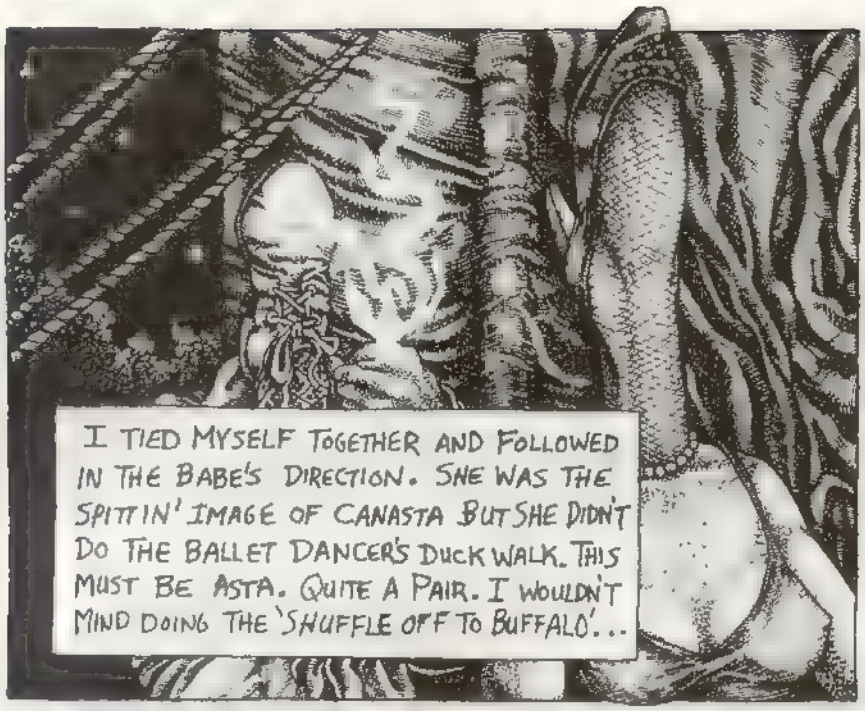

THIS IS THE MOGO SHOW—THAT'S WHERE WE BREAK IT, WE SHAKE IT, WE BURN IT TO THE GROUND. DON'T PICK IT UP...
ENTERTAINMENT INDEED, I WAS ENTHRALLED— THERE AMONG THE CATALOG OF FREAKS AND BALLY BROADS WAS WHAT I HAD COME TO SEE. I ZEROED IN ON THE ELECTRIC GIRL— NO, SHE COULDN'T DISGUISE THAT GORGEOUS GAM IN FISHNET...


I PLUNKED MY SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS ON THE TICKET COUNTER— CORRECT CHANGE IF YOU PLEASE— AND POCKETED THE STUB. I PARTED THE ENTRANCE CURTAIN WITH THE SAME EXPECTATION THAT MOSES HAD AT THE RED SEA—I FIGURED I'D HAVE THE SAME RESULTS ———

CANASTA !!!

CANASTA — OUCH — BETTER CALL OFF THE DOGS AND PALAVER.
YOU MIGHT THINK SCREAMIN' WAS THE WRONG PLOY, BUT FROM MISS ELECTRIC'S DIRECTION THE SPARKS BEGAN TO FLY. I WOULDN'T BE JOIN-ING HER — A COUPLE OF BOZOS CLIPPED MY WINGS.


STOP! STOP! I'LL TALK TO THE SNOOP.
LUCKILY SHE CAME TO HER SENSES BEFORE TOBY AND TYLER HAD ME TAP DANCING ON MY HEAD. I DON'T MIND A LITTLE ROUGH STUFF BUT A GOOD DUSTING AIN'T MY IDEA OF A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.

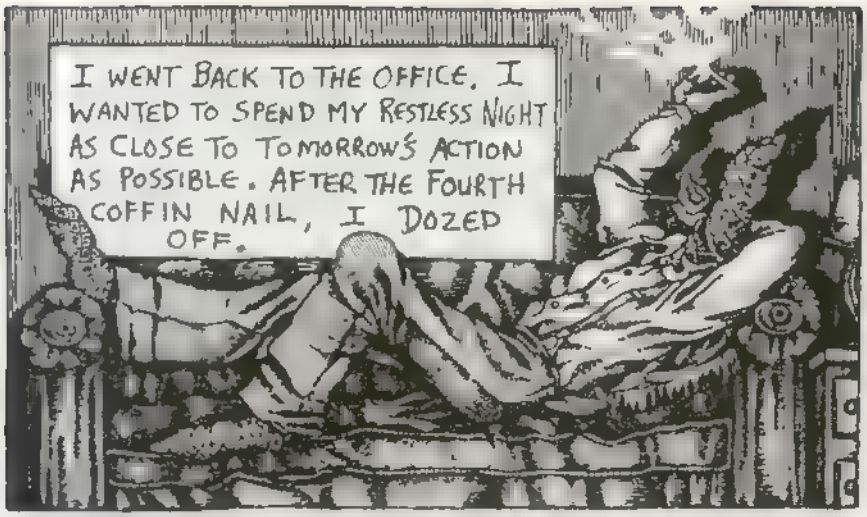

I TIED MYSELF TOGETHER AND FOLLOWED IN THE BABE'S DIRECTION. SHE WAS THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF CANASTA BUT SHE DIDN'T DO THE BALLET DANCER'S DUCK WALK. THIS MUST BE ASTA. QUITE A PAIR. I WOULDN'T MIND DOING THE 'SHUFFLE OFF TO BUFFALO'...

I AM, CANASTA. LET ME, PLEASE, EXPLAIN...

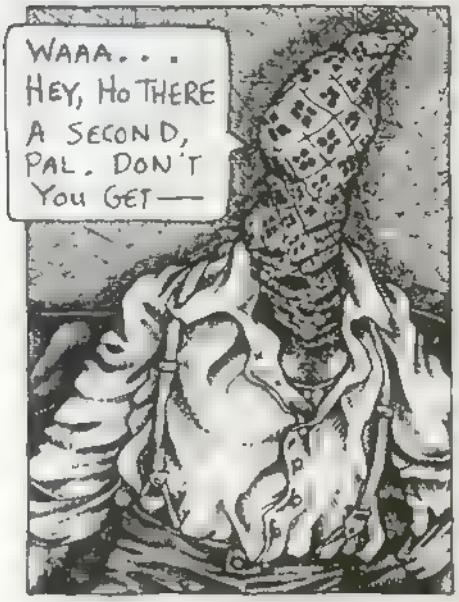
I JUST COULDN'T STAY ANOTHER MOMENT— IT WAS UNBEARABLE. I SAW WALTER VON WORTHINGTON DANCE WHEN I WAS A CHILD. I FELL IN LOVE. I STUDIED YEARS AND YEARS. I G-GAVE UP EVERYTHING —MY PAST, MY FAMILY, THE CIRCUS. NOTHING WAS AS IMPORTANT AS FINDING HIM – THE MAN WHO HAD LEAPED INTO MY HEART. HE HAD STARTED A COMPANY -- I AUDITIONED – I WAS, I AM THE GREATEST DANCER IN THE WORLD, BUT NO HE DIDN'T LOVE ME – HE USED ME, HE SPURNED ME, HE, HE...

PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU, DON'T TELL HIM WHERE I AM. JUST GIVE HIM THIS.

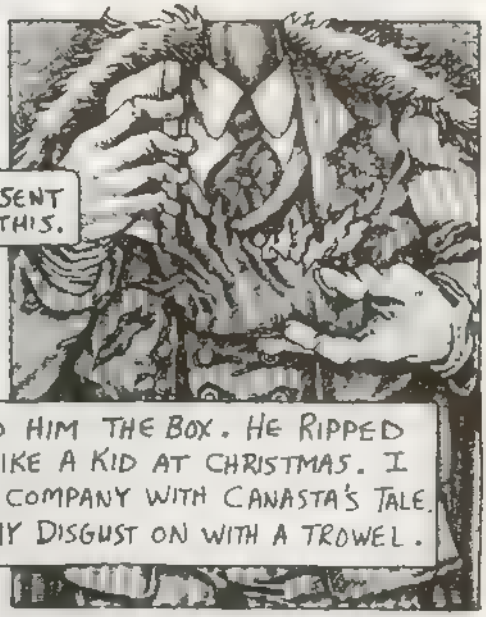
IT WAS AN OLD STORY, BUT THE TYPE OF STORY THAT DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER WITH AGE. SHE NEEDN'T WORRY; I WOULDN'T SPILL TO HIM!


I WENT BACK TO THE OFFICE. I WANTED TO SPEND MY RESTLESS NIGHT AS CLOSE TO TOMORROW'S ACTION AS POSSIBLE. AFTER THE FOURTH COFFIN NAIL, I DOZED OFF.

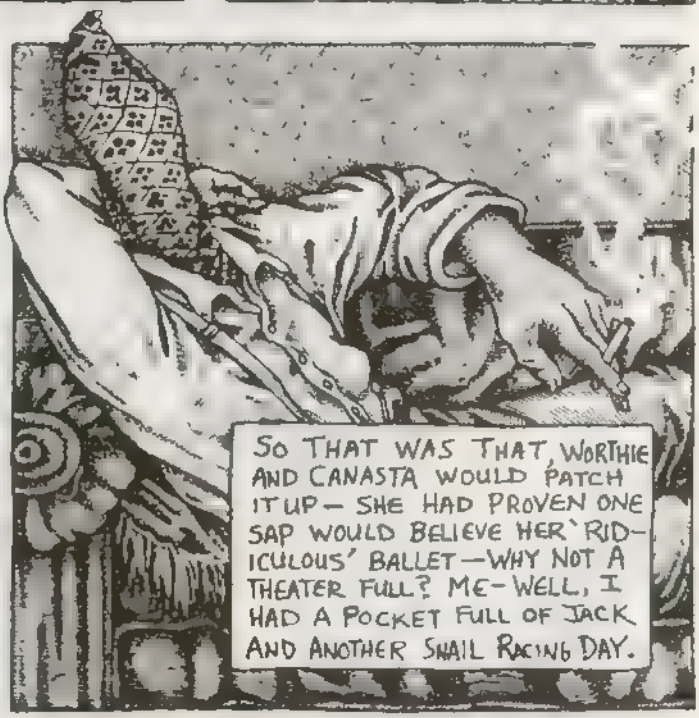
GUMSHOE! WHERE IS OUR QUARRY?


WAAA... HEY, HO THERE A SECOND, PAL. DON'T YOU GET—

SIR, I AM NOT YOUR 'PAL'. NOW, WHERE IS SHE?


SHE SENT YOU THIS.
I TOSSED HIM THE BOX. HE RIPPED INTO IT LIKE A KID AT CHRISTMAS. I KEPT HIM COMPANY WITH CANASTA'S TALE. I LAYED MY DISGUST ON WITH A TROWEL.

A HEEL! SHE MAY FIND ME A HEEL, BUT YOU, SIR, ARE AN ASS— THAT HEARTRENDING STORY IS THE SYNOPSIS OF HER RIDICULOUS ATTEMPT AT A BALLET! I...


SO THAT WAS THAT, WORTHIE AND CANASTA WOULD PATCH IT UP— SHE HAD PROVEN ONE SAP WOULD BELIEVE HER 'RIDICULOUS' BALLET—WHY NOT A THEATER FULL? ME—WELL, I HAD A POCKET FULL OF JACK AND ANOTHER SNAIL RACING DAY.

The Good 'Ole DREADFUL DUD Go Punk!

—Ace Backwords -©1977

THE GREEN STUFF

MODERN MUSIC AND SUBSTANCE ABUSE BY

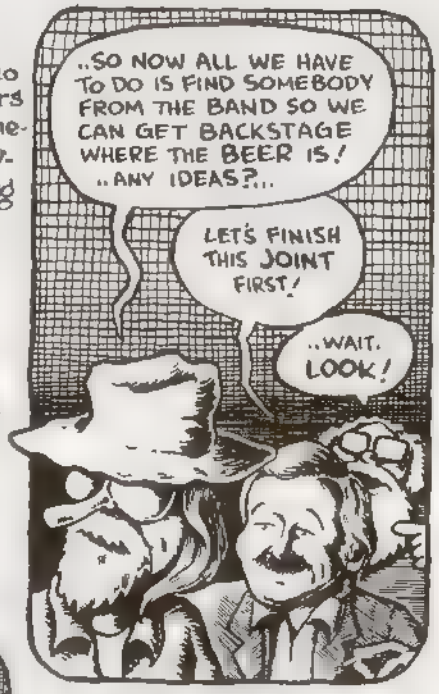
© 1988

R.L. GRABB

It was back in 1977... Me and my pals Gino and Sam had Backstage Passes for a Big Rock Concert!!

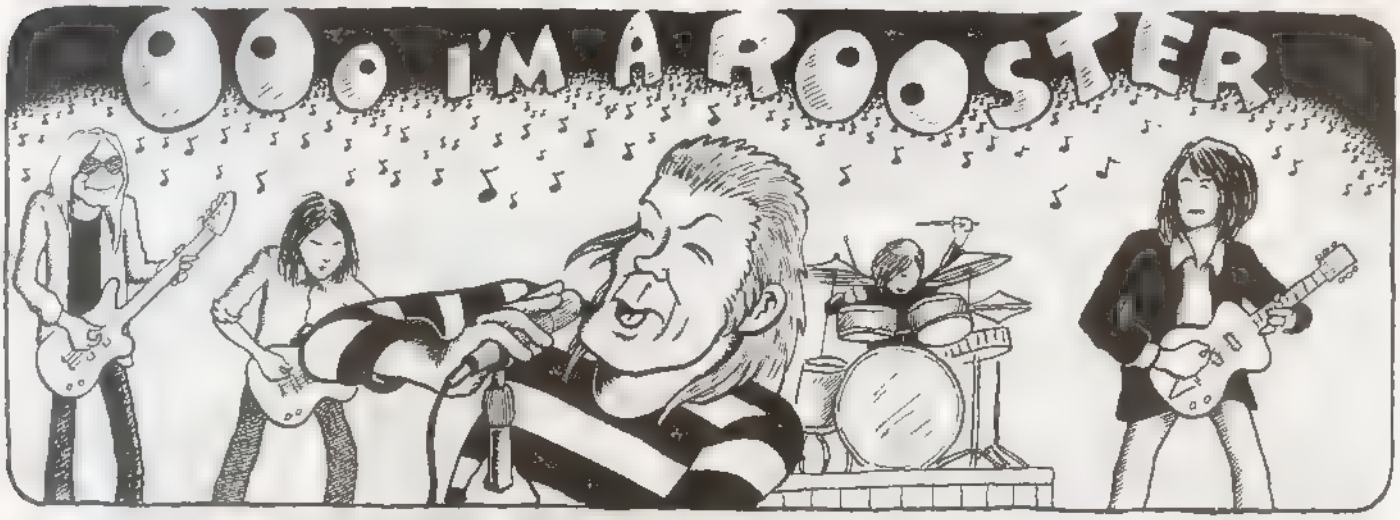
Sure, we had to drive for three hours through a maze of orchards to get there, but we were TOUGH, right?

Sam, my room mate, was an electrician who had been zapped by a zillion volts some years back, leaving him minus two fingers and a somewhat altered consciousness. Gino was a fry-cook at the restaurant where I was washing dishes between careers.



To make a short story shorter, we got the passes and made our way to the Dressing Room, where the contents of the pouch were revealed....

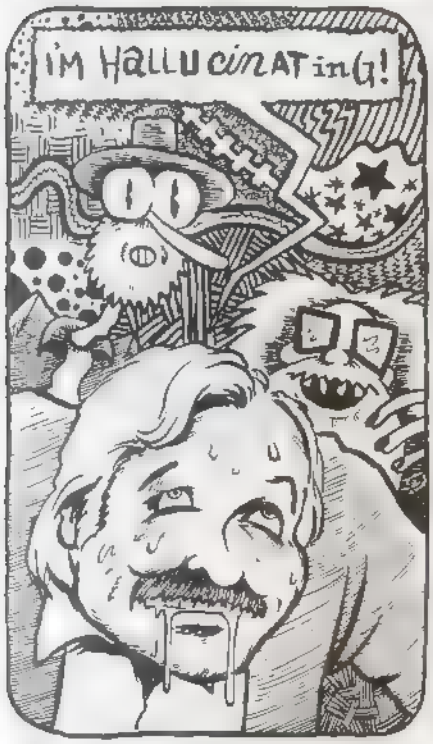
So, David, the Lead Singer, emptied most of the sinister substance onto his hand and vacuumed it. Gino, after several seconds of careful deliberation, finished it off....



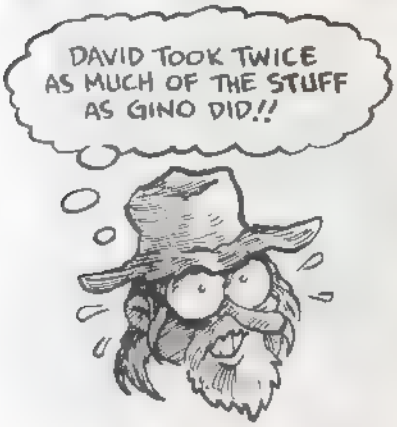
As the auditorium began to Rock, the Green Stuff was a fading memory...

DO YOU WANT US TO TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL, MAN?
..NO..NO..BUT I GOTTA GET SOME AIR!.. OOOHHH

IT MUSTA BEEN THAT GOD DAMN GREEN STUFF! ..ITS POISON!
THAT'S IT! GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM!
BWAHH!

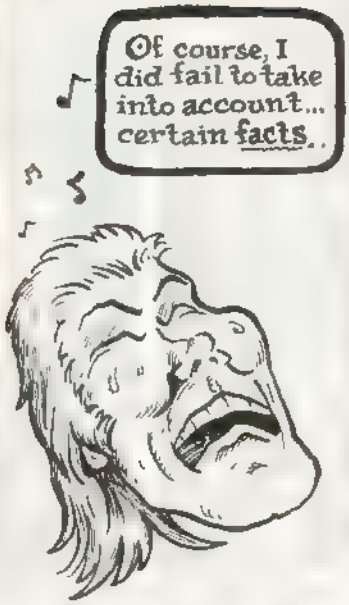

I'M HALLUCINATING!

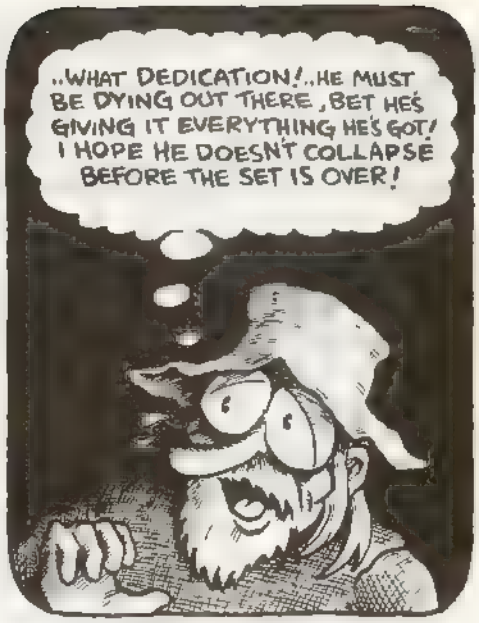
Gino had degenerated into a barfing neanderthal. As we shoveled him into the car to sleep it off, a chilling thought hit me..


DAVID TOOK TWICE AS MUCH OF THE STUFF AS GINO DID!!

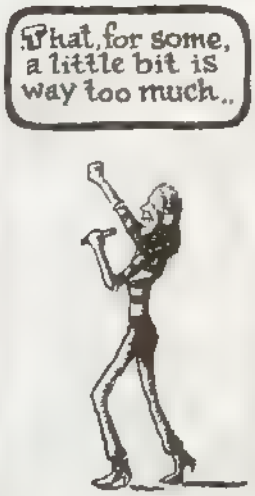
Yes!..And if David freaked out....
..It would happen in front of thousands!

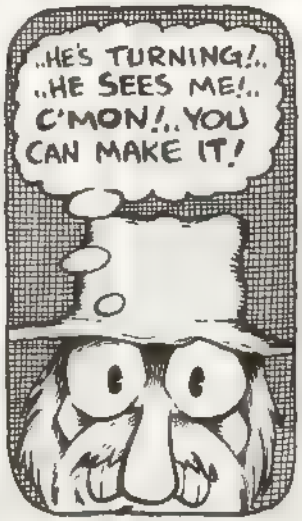
JESUS!... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!


Of course, I did fail to take into account... certain facts..


..WHAT DEDICATION!..HE MUST BE DYING OUT THERE, BET HE'S GIVING IT EVERYTHING HE'S GOT! I HOPE HE DOESN'T COLLAPSE BEFORE THE SET IS OVER!

THIS IS THE LAST SONG! ..GOOD!!

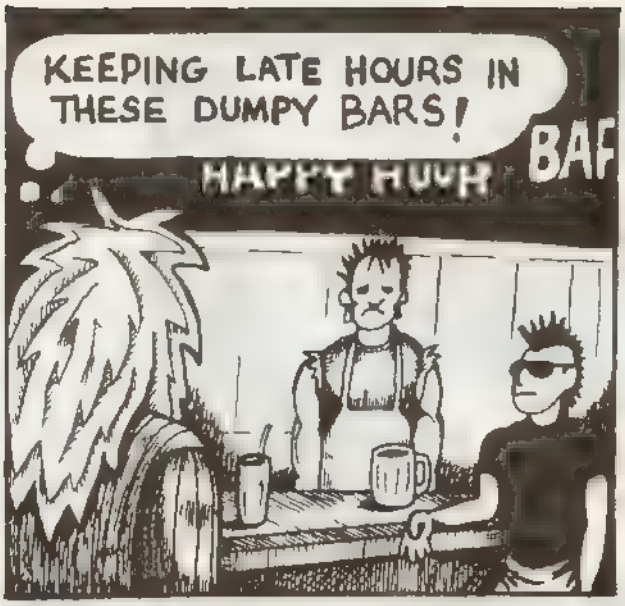

That, for some, a little bit is way too much..


..HE'S TURNING!.. ..HE SEES ME!.. C'MON!..YOU CAN MAKE IT!

..But in Rock n Roll..
DAVID!! I GOT YA, MAN!

.CRABMAN!.
.EY, MATE...
..GOT ANY MORE OF THAT GREEN STUFF?!..
SHEESH!
...Too much is NEVER ENOUGH!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
ROCK STARR
WHY AM I IN THIS STINK-O BUSINESS!
M. McGET.
©1988


KEEPING LATE HOURS IN THESE DUMPY BARS!
HAPPY HOUR
BAR

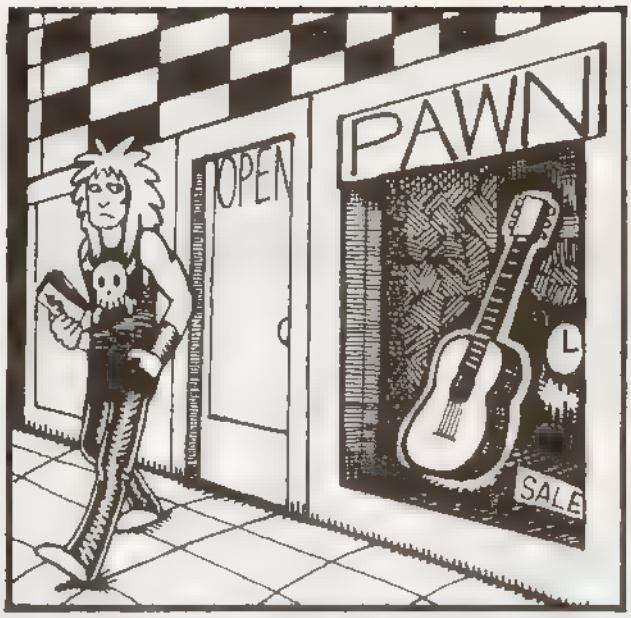
PLAYING TO THE WORST CROWDS IN SHOW-BIZ!

WHY DO I DO IT !!?? WHY? WHY?

ILL TELL YOU WHY I DO IT!

ARTISTIC EXPRESSION!
HI ROCKY!
GREAT SHOW ROCK!

ROCK STARR
M.McGET
©1987


OPEN
PAWN
SALE

WHAT'S THE MATTER ROCKY ?

MY GUITAR IS IN THE PAWN SHOP!
HEY ROCK 'N ROLL ISNT EVERYTHING!

YEAH... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

THERE IS RHYTHM 'N BLUES!

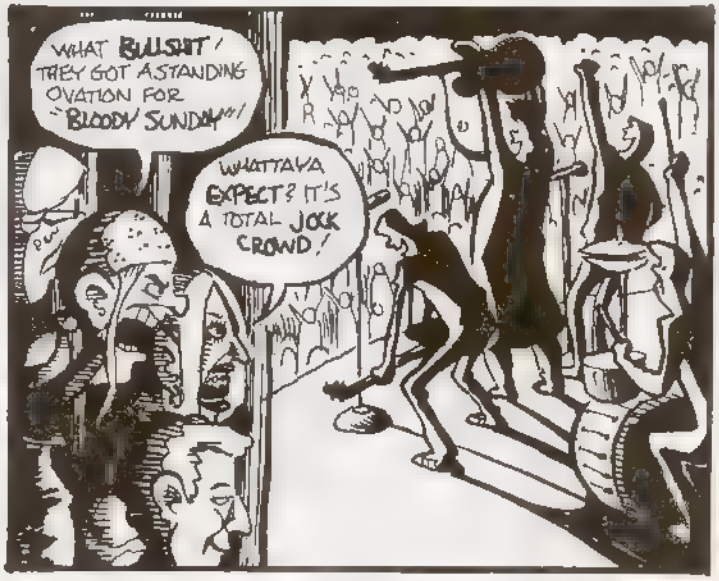
BILL'S BAND

T. LABAN ©87

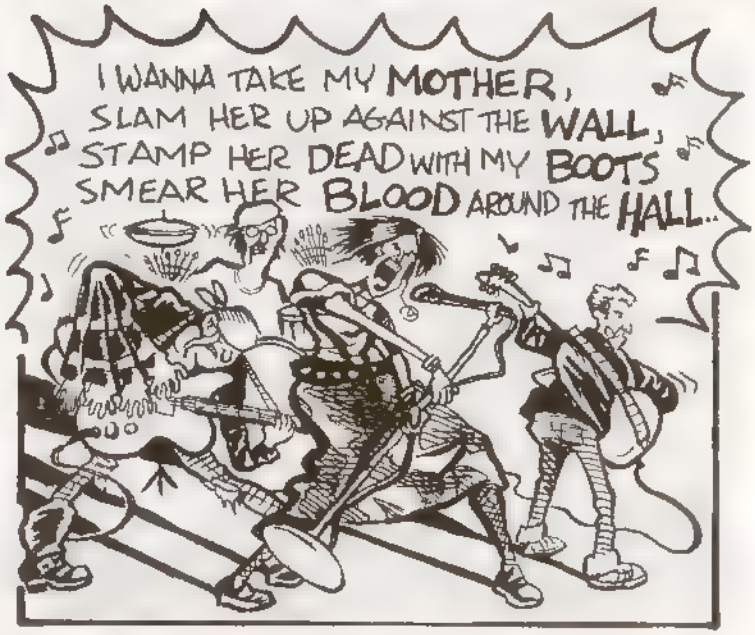
MAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? MELLENDORF ALREADY HATES OUR GUTS! DON'T GIVE HIM AN EXCUSE TO KICK US OUT!
AW, I DON'T HAFTA KISS HIS ASS! HE AINT GONNA KICK US OUT!

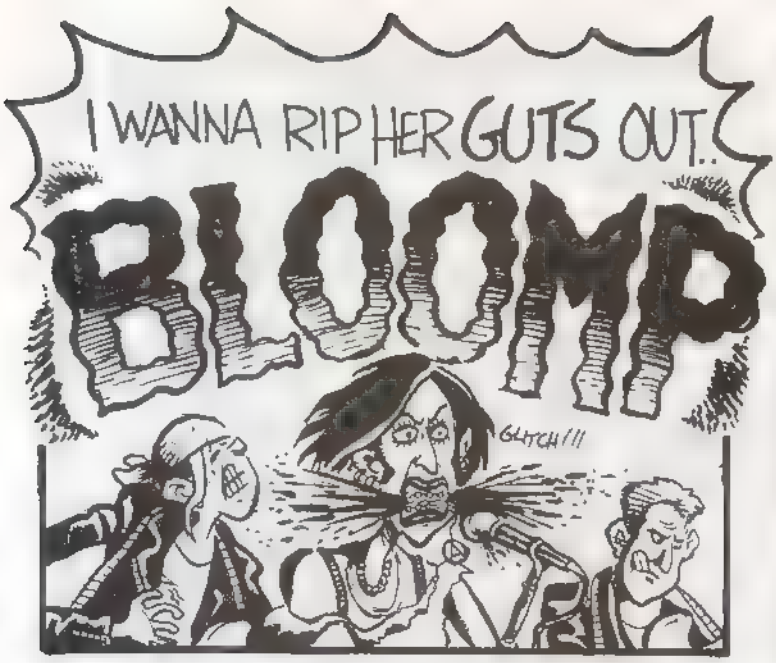
I WAS JUST TALKIN' TA MELODY THORBURN. SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL! I'LL BET SHE FUCKS THAT JOCK!
AW, WOULDJA CUT IT OUT WITH MELODY THORBURN? JEEZIS!
FIGURES YOU'D HAVE A CRUSH ON THE BIGGEST BITCH IN SCHOOL! SERVES HER RIGHT!

YER JUST JEALOUS, NORMA! I WANNA GO LOOKT HER TITS ONE MORE TIME!
C'MON!
AWRIGHT - "LIFEFORCE" JUST STARTED - GET YOUR STUFF READY
JIMMY!

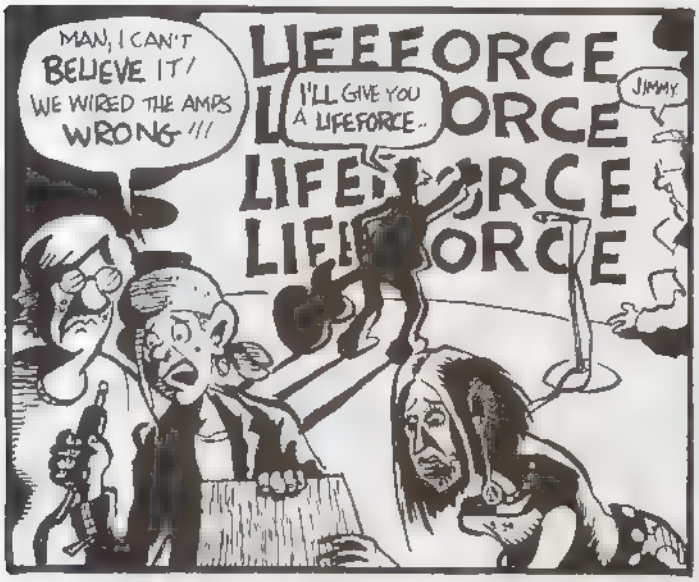

WHAT BULLSHIT! THEY GOT A STANDING OVATION FOR "BLOODY SUNDAY"!
WHATTAYA EXPECT? IT'S A TOTAL JOCK CROWD!

WOW, WASN'T THAT GREAT ROCK N ROLL? WELL, DON'T WORRY - CUZ IT'S NOT OVER YET! I WANNA INTRODUCE A BAND I KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY - THE HANDJOBZ!
LIFEFORCE!
HAW HAW!
LIFEFORCE!
AWRIGHT LIFEFORCE!
HAW!


I WANNA TAKE MY MOTHER, SLAM HER UP AGAINST THE WALL, STAMP HER DEAD WITH MY BOOTS SMEAR HER BLOOD AROUND THE HALL...


I WANNA RIP HER GUTS OUT..
BLOOMP
GLITCH!!!

HOLY SHIT! SOMETHING'S BLOWN OUT THE SOUND SYSTEM!
TURN IT UP!
THERE'S NO SOUND!
SHUT UP!
YOU SUCK! LIFEFORCE!
YEA! LIFEFORCE!


MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WE WIRED THE AMPS WRONG!!!
I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFEFORCE..
JIMMY
LIFEFORCE
LIFEFORCE
LIFEFORCE
LIFEFORCE

GASP!...
BWAW HAW
HAW HAW HA
HAW HA

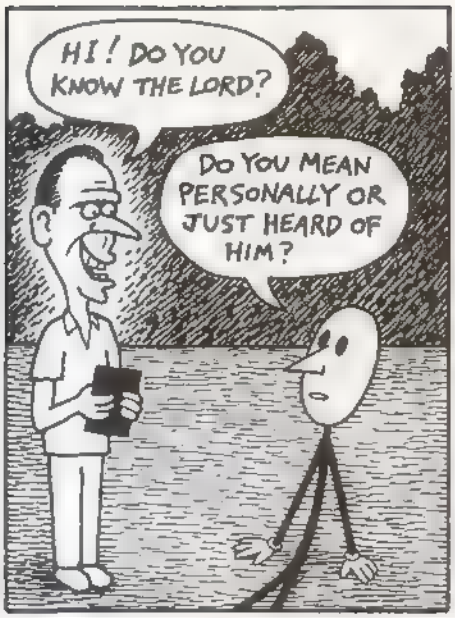
V
WELL... WE COULDNA' FUCKED UP MUCH MOREN' WE DID...
HAW! IT WASN'T SO MUCH THAT HE SHOWED 'EM HIS BUTT..
YEA... BUT AT LEAST JIMMY GAVE THOSE JOCKS WHAT FOR!
ZZZ
BREWSK BRAND BEER

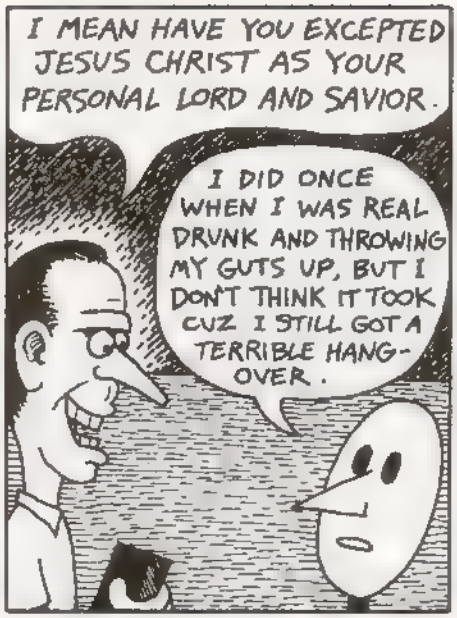
...BUT THAT HE WROTE "I LOVE MELODY THORBURN" ON IT!!
HA HEE
HAW HA
HAW HAW
WHAP!!
END

TAKE IT ALL OFF!
NAME YOUR PRICE – $10 ? $30 ? $50?? $100!
END

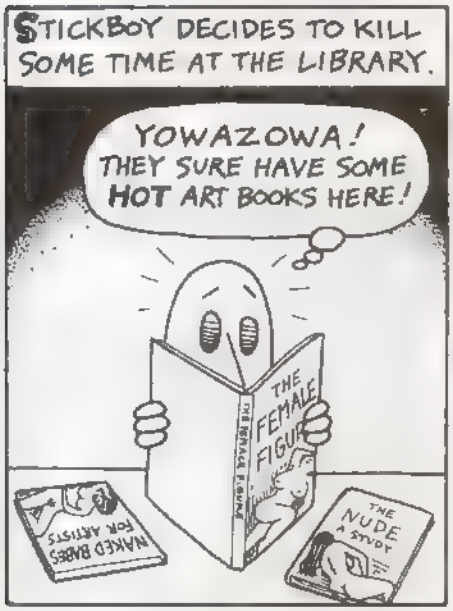
F.T.W. – WE REJOIN STICKBOY SCROUNGING HIS FIRST MEAL ...

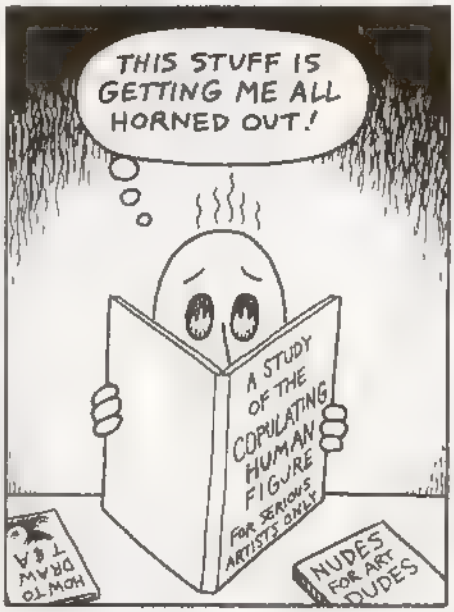
©'97 D.WORDEN

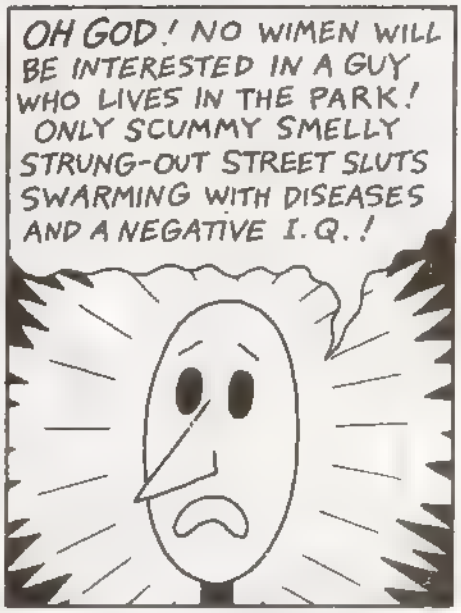

HI! DO YOU KNOW THE LORD?
DO YOU MEAN PERSONALLY OR JUST HEARD OF HIM?

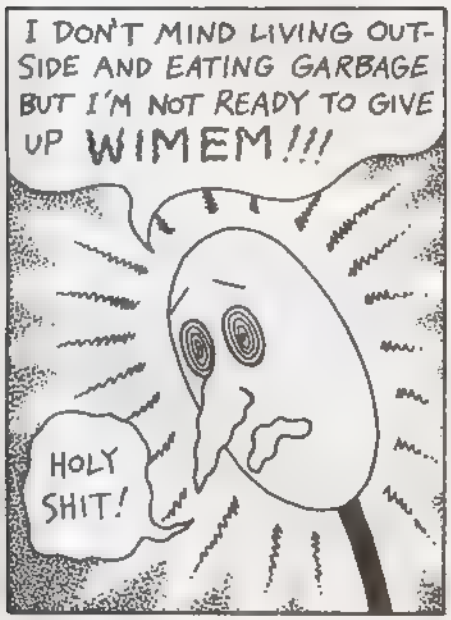

I MEAN HAVE YOU EXCEPTED JESUS CHRIST AS YOUR PERSONAL LORD AND SAVIOR.
I DID ONCE WHEN I WAS REAL DRUNK AND THROWING MY GUTS UP, BUT I DON'T THINK IT TOOK CUZ I STILL GOT A TERRIBLE HANG-OVER.

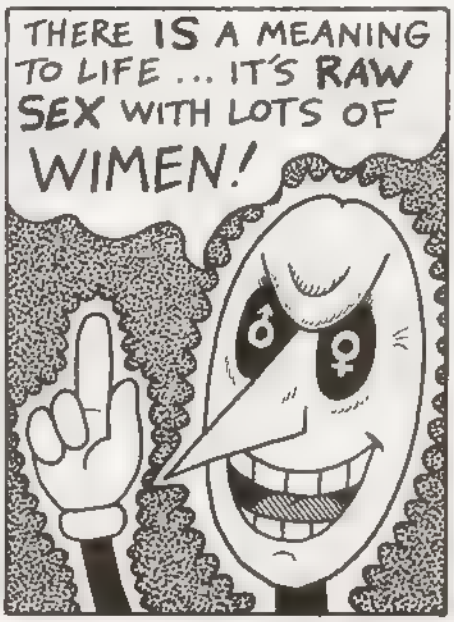
OH, WELL YOU'RE A CHRISTIAN THEN! SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, I'LL BE ON MY WAY. HALLELUJAH AND ALL THAT.
?!

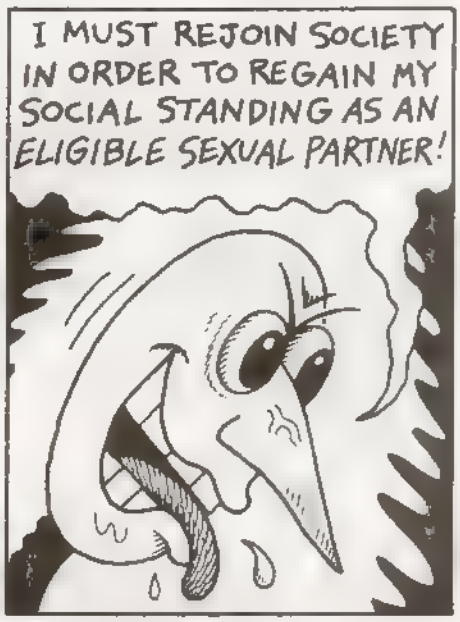

STICKBOY DECIDES TO KILL SOME TIME AT THE LIBRARY.
YOWAZOWA! THEY SURE HAVE SOME HOT ART BOOKS HERE!
THE FEMALE FIGURE
THE NUDE A STUDY
NAKED BABES FOR ARTISTS

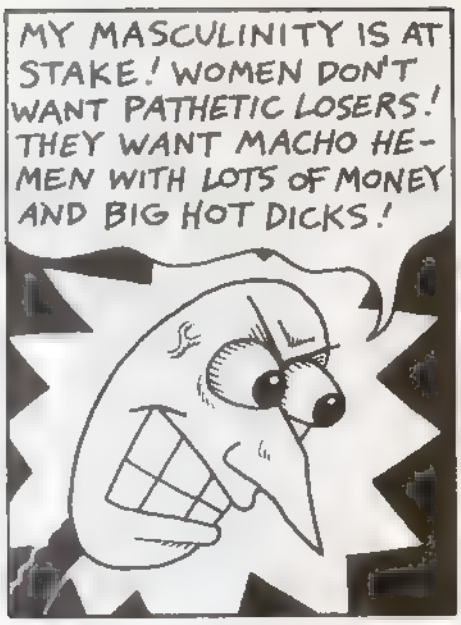

THIS STUFF IS GETTING ME ALL HORNED OUT!
A STUDY OF THE COPULATING HUMAN FIGURE
FOR SERIOUS ARTISTS ONLY
HOW TO DRAW T & A
NUDES FOR ART DUDES

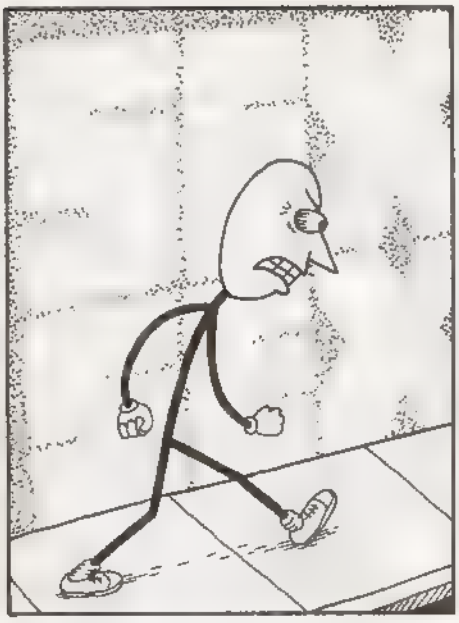

OH GOD! NO WIMEN WILL BE INTERESTED IN A GUY WHO LIVES IN THE PARK! ONLY SCUMMY SMELLY STRUNG-OUT STREET SLUTS SWARMING WITH DISEASES AND A NEGATIVE I.Q.!


I DON'T MIND LIVING OUT-SIDE AND EATING GARBAGE BUT I'M NOT READY TO GIVE UP WIMEM!!!
HOLY SHIT!


THERE IS A MEANING TO LIFE ... IT'S RAW SEX WITH LOTS OF WIMEN!

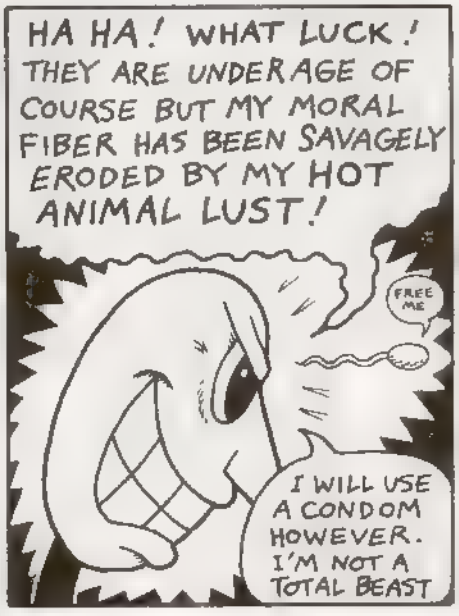

I MUST REJOIN SOCIETY IN ORDER TO REGAIN MY SOCIAL STANDING AS AN ELIGIBLE SEXUAL PARTNER!

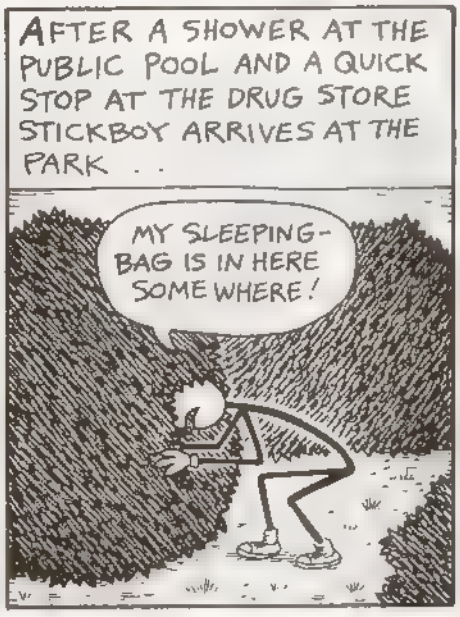

MY MASCULINITY IS AT STAKE! WOMEN DON'T WANT PATHETIC LOSERS! THEY WANT MACHO HE-MEN WITH LOTS OF MONEY AND BIG HOT DICKS!



HEY MAN, DO YOU KNOW A COOL PLACE TO CRASH WHERE THE COPS WON'T HASSLE YOU?
YOUNG NUBILE RUNAWAYS WITH OBVIOUS LOOSE MORALS.

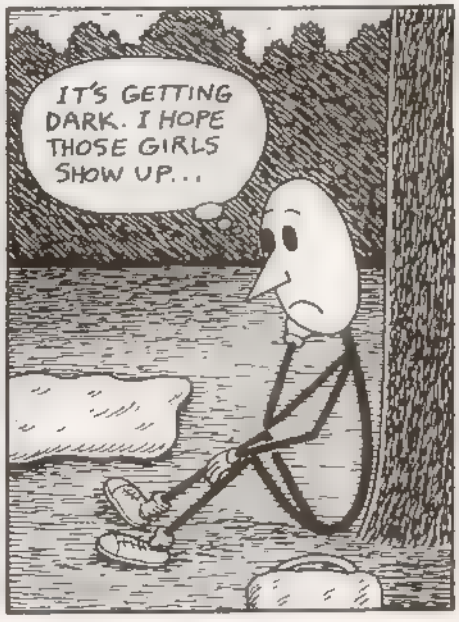
TRY THE PARK. THE POLICE SEEM TO IGNORE IT AS LONG AS YOU'RE A BIT DISCREET. THAT'S WHERE I'M STAYING.
THANKS, WE'LL SEE YOU THERE LATER I GUESS.
YEAH! SURE! I'LL SEE YOU THERE LATER!


HA HA! WHAT LUCK! THEY ARE UNDERAGE OF COURSE BUT MY MORAL FIBER HAS BEEN SAVAGELY ERODED BY MY HOT ANIMAL LUST!
FREE ME
I WILL USE A CONDOM HOWEVER. I'M NOT A TOTAL BEAST

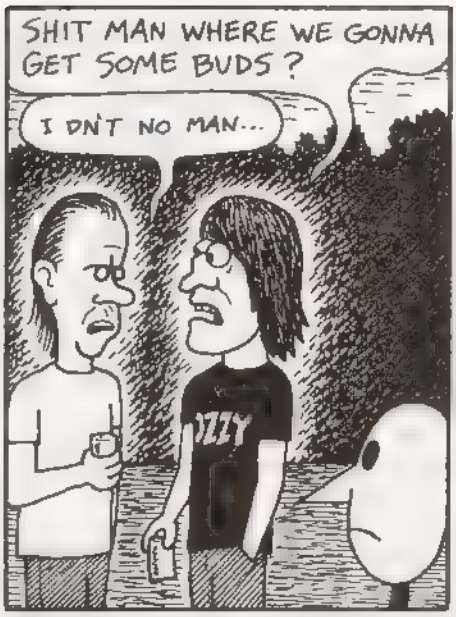

AFTER A SHOWER AT THE PUBLIC POOL AND A QUICK STOP AT THE DRUG STORE STICKBOY ARRIVES AT THE PARK . .
MY SLEEPING-BAG IS IN HERE SOMEWHERE!

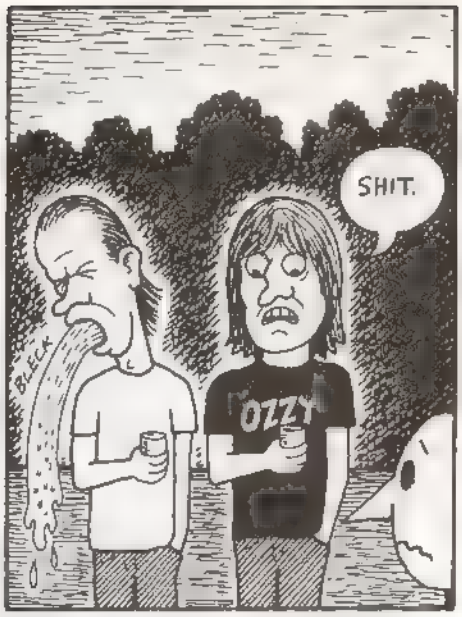
EEUW! IT SMELLS LIKE PISS! SOMEONE PEED ON MY BAG!!

FRAGRANCE DE LA CRETIN!
GUESS I'D BETTER BE MORE CAREFUL WHERE I STASH MY BAG


IT'S GETTING DARK. I HOPE THOSE GIRLS SHOW UP...

HEY DUDE, KNOW WHERE WE COULD SCORE SOME BUDS?
NO, 'FRAID NOT
OZZY


SHIT MAN WHERE WE GONNA GET SOME BUDS?
I DN'T NO MAN...
OZZY

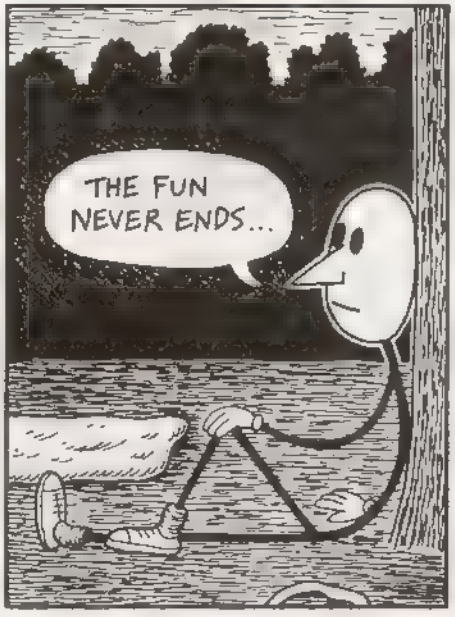

SHIT.
BLECK
OZZY

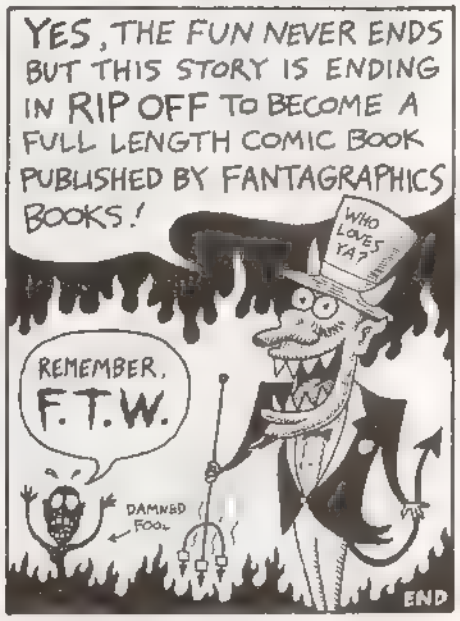
SO DUDE DO YOU LIKE LED ZEPPELIN? THEY WERE ONE HOT FUCKIN' BAND MAN!
OZZY OSBOURNE IS BETTER!

ZEPPELIN BEATS OZZY'S FUCKIN' ASS MAN!
FUCK YOU MAN! OZZY IS WAY COOLER! HE BITES HEADS OFF BATS 'N' STUFF!

SO BIG FUCKIN' DEAL!
HEY, YOU GOT BEER ON ME ASSHOLE!

I'LL KILL YOU FUCKER!
OZZY


THE FUN NEVER ENDS...


YES, THE FUN NEVER ENDS BUT THIS STORY IS ENDING IN RIP OFF TO BECOME A FULL LENGTH COMIC BOOK PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS!
WHO LOVES YA?
REMEMBER, F.T.W.
DAMNED FOOL
END

ON TOUR WITH THE CAPTAIN XVI

©1987 ELLE (LINZ EE R.NOLD)

BACK IN 1972 I FOUND MYSELF IN QUEENSLAND PERFORMING UNDER THE GUISE OF MUSICIAN FOR A TRAVELLING THEATRICAL SHOW.....

WE'VE ARRIVED KIDS!

REALLY? ITS NOT MY IDEA OF BROADWAY!!

THE ENTIRE BAND REHEARSES.

SPURIOUS WISHY WASHY

*M.D. HUH! WHY CANT THIS POOF PLAY IN TIME?

THE PIANIST* LUSTED FOR THE LEAD ACTOR, STEW .T. TRIPPER- BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

WOOF!

WATCH IT SNOOPY!

DROP THE BLANKET.

BEETHOVEN

SOME OF THE CAST PRACTICE THEIR MOVES IN THE SET.

HOLD IT KIDS!! -SORRY TO INTERRUPT BUT WE WANT THREE OF YOU TO DO A RADIO INTERVIEW AFTER LUNCH. ANY THREE WILL DO. ITS LIVE ON AIR.

WORK IT OUT AMONGST YOURSELVES.

THERE WAS A SURPRIZING DEGREE OF RECALCITRANCE, FOR THESPIANS.

OH WELL IF I MUST...

I WILL IF YOU WILL!

CERTAINLY NOT! WHAT AN INSULT!

LIVE IS TOO RISKY!

I MUST SAVE THE VOICE FOR TONIGHT!

I WONT BE USED FOR CHEAP PUBLICITY!

LETS TAKE THE MAD DRUMMER- IT'LL BE A HOOT!

WILL IT BE COOL TO DO THIS STONED?

OH, LAY DOWN, DOG!

I WAS HAPPY THAT STEW INVITED ME. HE ALWAYS HAD LOTS OF DRUGS.

BY THE WAY MAN- YOU WERE VERY UN-COOL IN DALBY LAST NIGHT- YA'LL GET BUSTED!

YES NOW TODAY ON "OUTBACK CHIT-CHAT" WE HAVE THREE CASTMEMBERS FROM THE SHOW "YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN", WHICH IS-

NERVOUS

I'M NOT A CAST MEMBER MAN - I'M ON DRUMS.

OH! THEN WE HAVE TWO CAST MEMBERS AND A MUSICIAN, IT SEEMS - UM, WELL LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION TO START WITH-

ER, AH, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE TO READ MUSIC FOR A BIG SHOW LIKE THIS - IT MUST BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM, UM- SAY PLAYING AT A DANCE OR SOMETHING- THE ER, SLIM DUSTY SHOW WAS HERE LAST WEEK, AND I NOTICED HIS DRUMMER DIDNT HAVE ANY MUSIC - NO DOUBT THE MEMORY PLAYS A BIG PART, OR IS IT JUST A, UM, INNATE ABILITY OR WHAT?

YES.
SMART ARSE
THIS TOTALLY STUMPED THE POOR GUY (AN ALBINO! IN THAT SUN!!!) A BIG AWKWARD SILENCE ENSUED...
SHIRE HALL NOT 14 ONLY
GO ON!
ANSWER!
PROD
I FINALLY SUCCUMBED RELUCTANTLY TO GENTLE PROMPTING & PROCEEDED TO ELUCIDATE EXTEMPORANEOUSLY.
WITH MY INNATE SENSE OF SHOWBIZ I SUPPLY THE PULSE TO KEEP THE DANCE ROUTINES IN TEMPO, I CATCH THE FALLS, ACCENTUATE ANY JUGGLING, COVER ANY BUSINESS REQUIRING EFFECTS, SWISH FOR THE MOODY PARTS, BUILD THE END-OF-ACT CRESCENDOES & GENERALLY MANIPULATE THE ONSTAGE AUDIALS WITH SUBTLE NUANCES OF VOLUME & TONE – BUT I ONLY PRETEND TO READ – I FAKE EVERYTHING.
SEE, BASICALLY I PLAY FUNKY DRUMS MAN, BECAUSE I NEVER CLEAN THEM YOU DIG? MY KIT IS FILTHY – THEY'RE COVERED IN THE DUST OF A HUNDRED CONTINENTS –
ITS A LONG STORY & I'M A VERY BUSY DRUMMER – I'M ALSO QUITE DIRTY PERSONALLY – BUT NOT WITHOUT REASON – ITS THE TASMANIAN BLOOD – THE INHERANT CONVICT OUTLOOK –
BUT SERIOUSLY LISTENERS, LET ME TELL YOU, I HAD A GOOD CAREER BEFORE THIS! I WAS MANAGING DIRECTOR OF A BIG FRANCHISE IN MADAGASCAR FOR A MANUFACTURER OF CLIP-ON BEERGUTS, AND –
AT THIS (EARLY) STAGE THERE WAS HEAVY INTERRUPTION ALL ROUND.
IT'S A FUN SHOW REALLY!
MF
UM, THANK YOU...
THE ACTORS GOT SERIOUS ABOUT THE ITINERARY.
YES WE'VE JUST COME FROM DALBY...
DALBY OK! DON' WORRY!
TOMORROW WE'RE OFF TO WILCANNIA –
WILCANNIA DIG IT?
THEN WE GO TO GAYNDAH
GAYNDAH CONFIDENCE & SCREWED 'ER STUPID!
NO FURTHER QUERIES WERE PUT TO THE DRUMMER. IT SOON ENDED. I FELT THAT I'D DONE QUITE ENOUGH, DONT YOU?
– THAT NIGHT, JUST AS I'D PREDICTED:
STEWART TRIPPER? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.
CLAP
CLAP
BUT IT REALLY IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT STORY.
CURTAIN

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND
BY: ~BRUCE BOLINGER~
ROCK & ROLL NEVER DIES... SOME OF IT JUST SMELLS THAT WAY.
© 988 TRUE TALES OF AN AGING ARTIST LOST SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE BIBLE BELT
JEEZUS, JERRY, DIGGIN' UP ELVIS MIGHT BE THE DUMBEST IDEA YOU EVER HAD.
ELVIS THE LEGEND
HEAD STONE CO.
YOU WON'T BE SAYIN' THAT WHEN WE SELL THEM SOUVENIRS... JUST THINK 'BOUT IT- ELVIS'S TEETH... HIS RINGS. .HIS FLY .. HELL... THERE'LL BE MORE PARTS THAN THE COLONEL HAS CHICKENS!!
HEY, WEEZ HERE!
THUN THUNK
SHUT UP, JER!! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT NOISE?
YOU AIN'T NUTTIN' BUT A HOUN' DAWG AH HUH
IT'S... IT'S... IT'S COMIN' OUTA' THE BOX!!
'COURSE JERRY WANTED TO LOOK, MAINLY 'CAUSE THE STORY WOULD END HERE IF WE DIDN'T...
THANKS, MAN! LIKE I WAS DOWN TO MY LAST COUPLE HANDFULS OF UPPERS... YA'LL GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

WELL, WE GOT HIM UP INTO THE TRUCK BUT HE WAS SO STONED ONLY JERRY COULD UNDERSTAND HIS MUMBLING...
ALL THEM PILLS THEY BURIED WITH YA MUSTA' KEPT YA IN LIKE A SUSPENDED ANIMATION, HUH ??? THAT'S AMAZING!
ANY YA'LL SEEN PUSSILLA?
AN' I WAS DOIN' OK TILL AROUND THE END OF THE 70's...THEN IT GOT STRANGE.. WHA' HAPPENED?
YEAH, THAT WAS DISCO LOOSE IN THE WORLD.
BOY, ARE WE GONNA GIT RICH!!!
AIN'T THIS GREAT - RIDIN' WITH A LEGEND ??
BOONIE PLAZA
COM'ON ELV.. WE'LL GET YOU CHECKED IN & HOSED OFF. I GOT SOME CALLS TO MAKE..
WADDA' YA THINK, JER? A LITTLE COVER GIRL FER THEM ROTTED SPOTS?
JUST GIVE 'IM A SHOT FRIDAY NITE, JACK... HE'LL DRAW A CROWD FOR YA !!
I DONNO JER ..I ALREADY GOT THE WORLD'S FATTEST GIRL SCOUT LEADER LINED UP FER THE WET TEE-SHIRT CONTEST...
LOOK, DON'T CALL ME JER, CALL ME COLONEL...
OK, MEYBE JUST ONE MORE THEN I GOTTA GO.
JACK FINALLY CONCEDED WHEN WE PROMISED TO LEAVE THE HOTEL ROOM THE WAY WE FOUND IT...
I'M THE GREATEST !!
NO SHIT YER GREAT.. AND I DO MEAN THAT IN THE LARGEST SENSE.
ROOM SERVICE!
HEY MAN, GIMME NOTHER HANDFUL THEM RED PILLS AN SOME OF THEM BLACK ONES
AND TELL THE FAT GUY HE'S GOT 3 MINUTES TO STAGE TIME...

THIS WAS THE DUMBEST IDEA YOU EVER HAD! PAY FOR YER OWN GAWDAMN DRINK.

YA'LL BRING BACK THAT BIG GIRL SCOUT HONEY!

THAT'S THE WORST IMITATION I EVER SEED!!

REDNECK NIGHT DRINKS THICE THE PRICE

JUS' STAY OFFA MA BLUE SUADE SHOES... UH HUH.

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE FAT GUYS HIPS?

BOO!

MR SWAGGART, THAT IS YOU!!! HOWDY!

LATER

JER, YOU KNOW THOSE PEOPLE WERE RIGHT! HIS SHOW REALLY SUCKS.

YEP, IT'S JUST LIKE IT WAS BEFORE THEY BURIED HIM...

IT WAS ALL DOWNHILL FROM THERE. ELVIS GOT FATTER & FATTER AND TIMES GOT LEANER AND LEANER.

UNEMPLOYMENT

COMIX ARTISTS

ELVIS IMPERSONATORS

PLEASE! NO GYRATING

TIME

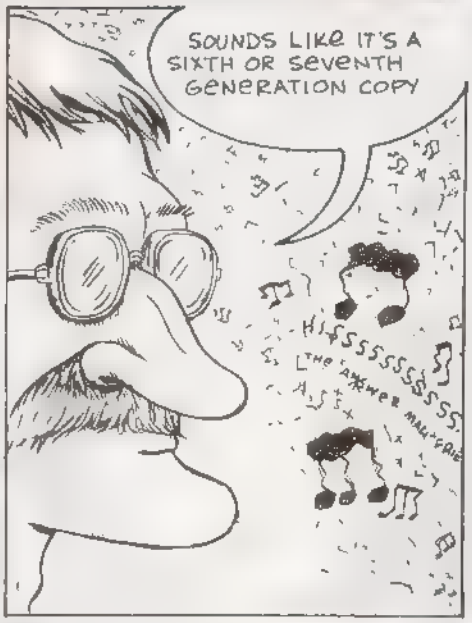
WELL, THE YEARS DRAGGED BY THROUGH HEAVY METAL, NEW AGE, NEW WAVE, REGGE, PUNK, RAP AND CRAP... THEN... THE DAY BEFORE ELVIS WAS TO BEGIN SELLING INSURANCE...

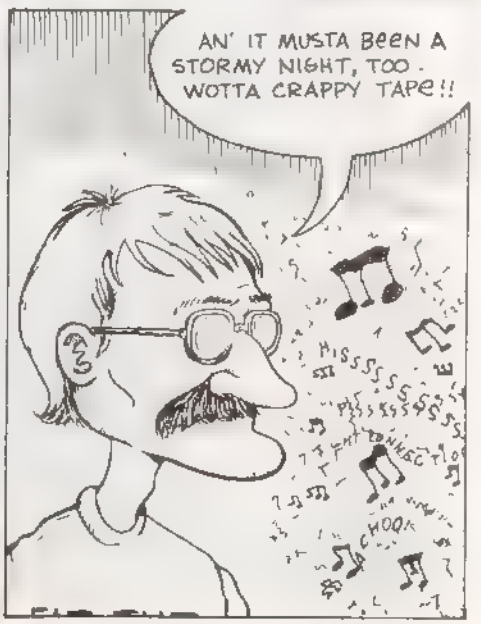
GREAT NEWS, DUDE.. THAT WAS THE GRATEFUL DEAD, THEY LOVED THE AUDITION TAPE AND WANT ELVIS TO JOIN THEM!

DON'T THAT FIGURE!! ONE MORE TRUE DEAD HEAD... JUST WHAT WE NEEDED. BUT... ME?? .. I'M THINKIN' WE STILL SHOULDA' SOLD THEM PARTS!!

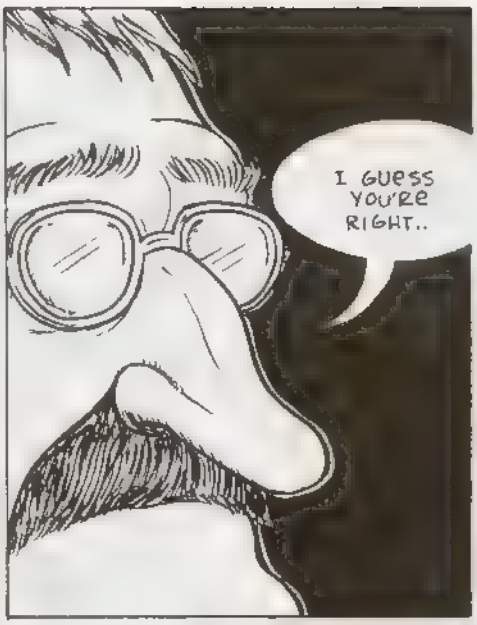
MOOSE

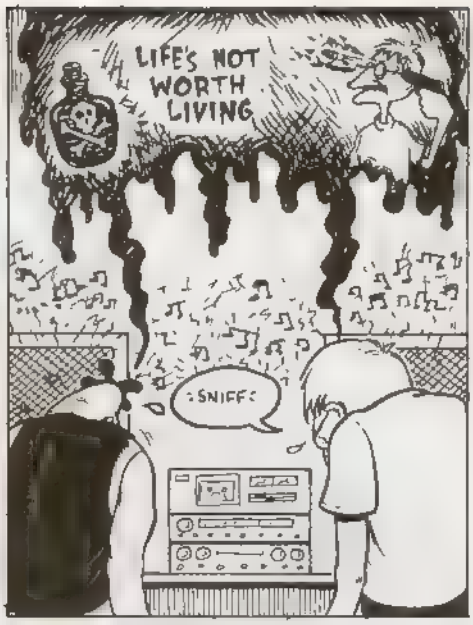
The BOBFELLOWS!

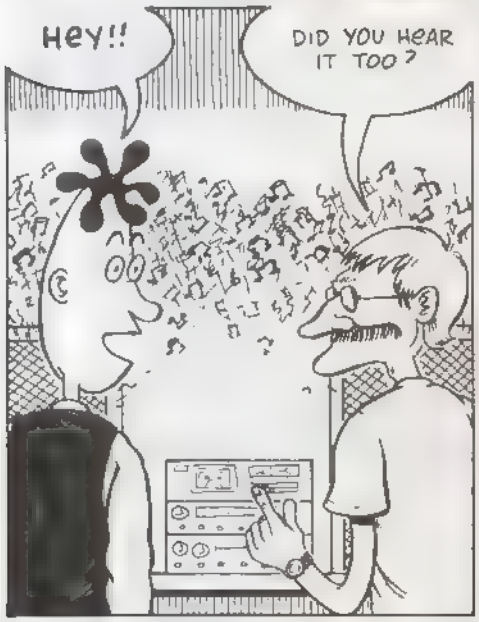




LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT BURNED .
EAT THE DOCUMENT

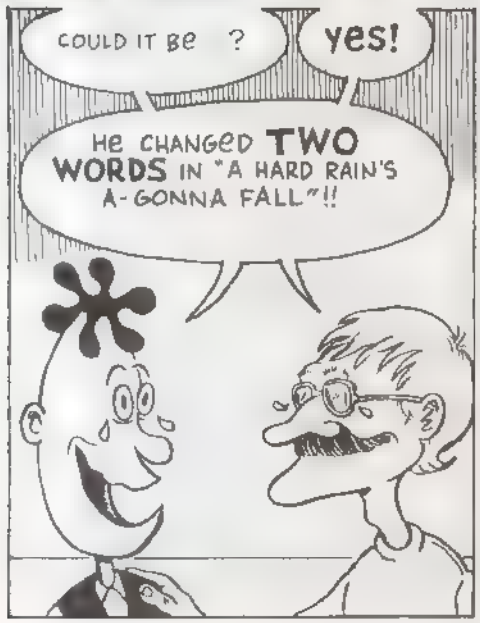

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT..


LIFE'S NOT WORTH LIVING
:SNIFF:


HEY!!
DID YOU HEAR IT TOO?

ADJUST THE E.Q.! REWIND! TURN THE VOLUME WAAAAY UP!!

INTENSE CONCENTRATION


COULD IT BE ?
YES!
HE CHANGED TWO WORDS IN "A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL"!!

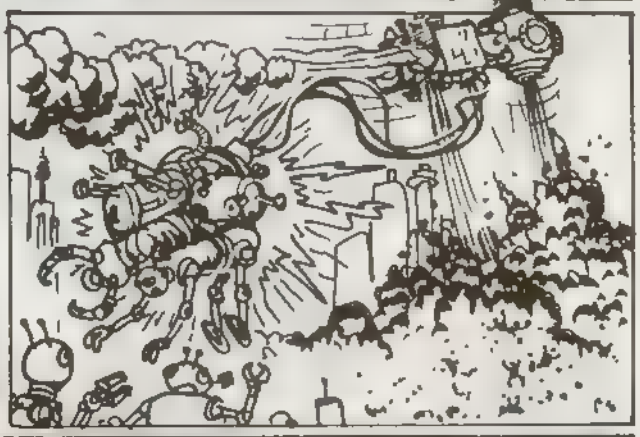
I'LL GIVE YOU FORTY BUCKS TO DUB ME A COPY!
NO WAY!!
EAT THE DOCUMEN

C'MON I'M YOUR FRIEND!!
HEY, THIS IS A RARE FIND!
OKAY, FIFTY!
SORRY, PAL!
PLEASE!!
UH-UH!
ETC...

ROCK & ROLL
FROM A PLACE BEYOND SPACE, CAME THE UGLY ALIENS, PUNK ROCK BAND FROM OUTER SPACE.
MAYBE THEY ARE TOO LATE?
I ARE JOHNNY ROKKET!
I ARE A ALIEN PUNK ROCK STAR!
MAYBE WE ARE, TOO! LATE!
DANGER! DO NOT DO!
WE UGLY ALIENS COME FAR LONG WAY TO PLAY CRUDE ROCK FOR DISQUIETING AUDIENCE ! MAKE NOISE, REAL PROFESSIONAL!
OH, I'M THE PARANOID OF LOVE, BABEE AN' I'M WITH YOU ALL THE TIME!
PUNKROCK NOT BIG HIT IN GALAXY. WE GET LOST IN UNIVERSE A LOT.
MAYBE WE ARE! TOO LATE!
WE ARE LOST IN OUTER SPACE AGAIN!
SHIT-MAN! YOU AM LOUSY NAVIGATOR!
YOU AM STUPID CAPTAIN!
BIG UNIVERSE. LITTLE BRAINS. ALWAYS ANOTHER GIG TO PLAY.

SPACESHIP BREAK DOWN ON PLANET OF STUPID ROBOTS! ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS PLAY AWE-FUL NOISE CONCERT AND AUDIENCE RESPOND BY THROWING GIFT OFFERINGS ON STAGE.

STUPID ROBOTS SO TURNED ON BY LOUD MUSICAL STATIC THAT THEY PROMISE BETTER RECEPTION NEXT TIME. BUT AS USUAL STUPID MACHINES DO NOT PAY US, SO WE TAKE A FEW FOR SPARE PARTS AND HIT THE SKY.



WE SCRAPE GALAXY FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, FIND LITTLE ACCEPTANCE AND LESS MONEY. THEN FINALLY OUR BERNIE CALLS ON ZAP-O-WAVE WITH MAYBE-GOOD NEWS.

NOW I AM LOST IN BATHROOM.

SHIT-MAN - YOU AM STILL VERY LOUSY NAVIGATOR.

JOHNI ROKKKIT! BERNIE AM ON ZAP-O-PHONE!

BERNIE! YOU GET ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS NEW GIG?

IT'S AT THE BOTTOM OF A BLACK HOLE, BUT THAT'S OKAY, BOYS! YOU'RE ALL INSURED!

BERNIE PROMISE US NEW PATCH CORDS AND TOMATO-SOUP PLUSH GUITAR CASE LININGS IF WE FALL FOR HIS SCHEME. THAT SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD TO ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS, SO WE JUMP IN BLACK HOLE.

CLOCK TICK

DID ANYONE ASK BERNIE WHERE IS ADDRESS WE GO TO GIG AT?

MAY! BE WE ARE TWO, LATE?

IF YOU REALLY CARE

HEH-HEH! GUESS I WON'T HAFTA FLACK THOSE LOSERS ANYMORE!

NOW I AM VERY LOST.

PJT!

ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS LOST IN TIME NOW, BLUNDER ABOUT TILL WE FIND STUPID UPSIDE-DOWN PLANET!
PLANET IS STUPID!
NO! PLANET IS UPSIDE-DOWN! PLANET IS NOT ONLY STUPID.
OH. UPSIDE DOWN! IS EARTH?
IS EARTH! LEGENDARY HOME OF PUNK ROCK, FROM WHICH WE ALL TRACE OUR ANCIENT ORIGIN, ETC., ETC.!
IS LAND US ON EARTH.
IS EARTH! IS ALL OF THE ABOVE AND MORE! IS NO BIG CITIES! IS NO PUNK ROCKERS! IS NO NOTHING BUT STUPID CAVE PUNKINOIDS, VERY CRUDE!
IS DISGUSTING! IS NOTHING BUT DUMB BRUTAL PROTOPUNKS!
IS TERRIBLE AUDIENCE! MUST SET UP AND PLAY BIG NOISE GIG AT TOP VOLUME, AT IMMEDIATLEY!
CAVE PUNKOMORPHS VERY STUPID AND GOT NO CLASS OR MONEY, SO WE WILL TAKE SOME FOR SPARE PARTS. ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS SET UP EXTRA STUPID EQUIPMENT AND HAVE NO EQUIPMENT MANAGERS.

IS NOPLACE TO **PLUG IN** SO ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS PLUG INTO **VOLCANO**! IS SET OFF FOR FLAME-POT EFFECT! SHOOT ANTIMATTER FIREWORKS AND MAKE NORTHERN LIGHTS DANCE! **BIG SHOW**! MUCH EXCITEMENT, TERROR, ENNUI!

AUDIENCE DEMONSTRATE MEGA-APPROVAL AND THROW ROCKS! EARTH ALSO THROWS ROCKS TOO! EVERYBODY LOVE ROCK AND ROLL ALIENS!

SPACESHIP BY ROCK IS SMASHED! **SHIT-MAN** IS TOO BY ROCK SMASHED, BUT STILL HE PLAYS **MEAN GUITAR**! IS **MEGA-SHOW**, TRULY STONE AGE!

ONE DAY, NON-STUPID LIFE WILL EVOLVE HERE AND THEY WILL, AFTER A LOT OF ARGUMENT, HAVE A BEER AND GO HOME.

MY MOMMA WAS A **CLONE**! MY DADDY WAS A **FOSSIL**! WHAT AM **I**? I'M **SICK! SICK! SICK!**

MAYBE WE ARE TOO EARLY!

DANGER! DO NOT DO.

IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS

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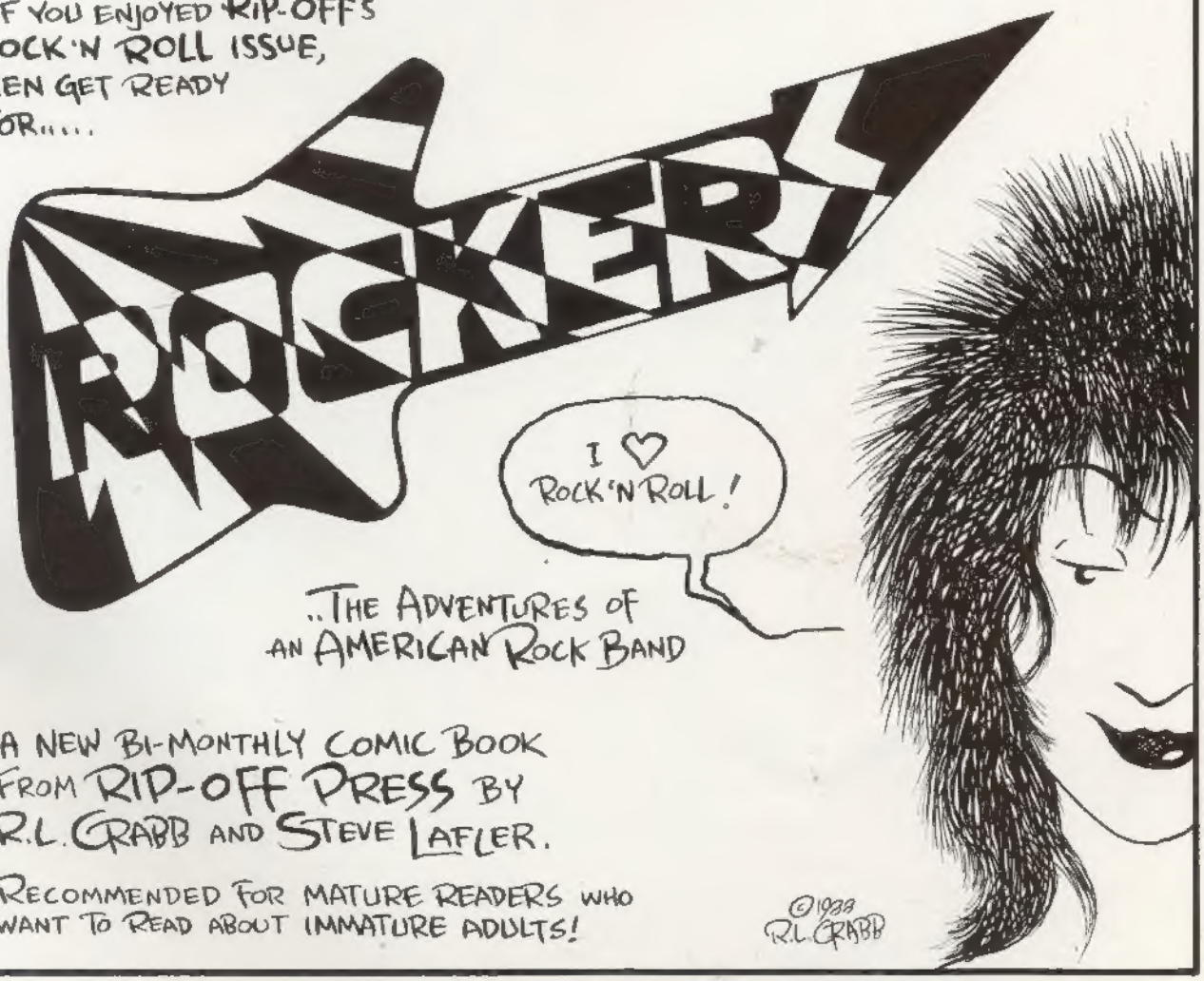
ISSUE NO. 1
COMING IN AUGUST!

..THEY DON'T HAVE SUPER POWERS
(BUT SOME THINK OF THEM AS A MUTANT SUB-SPECIES!)

..THEY'RE NOT FROM OUTER SPACE
(ALTHOUGH THEIR MINDS GO THERE OCCASIONALLY!)

..THEY DON'T FIGHT NINJA WARRIORS
(THEY JUST DESTROY HOTEL ROOMS...)

..IF YOU ENJOYED RIP-OFF'S ROCK'N ROLL ISSUE, THEN GET READY FOR.....



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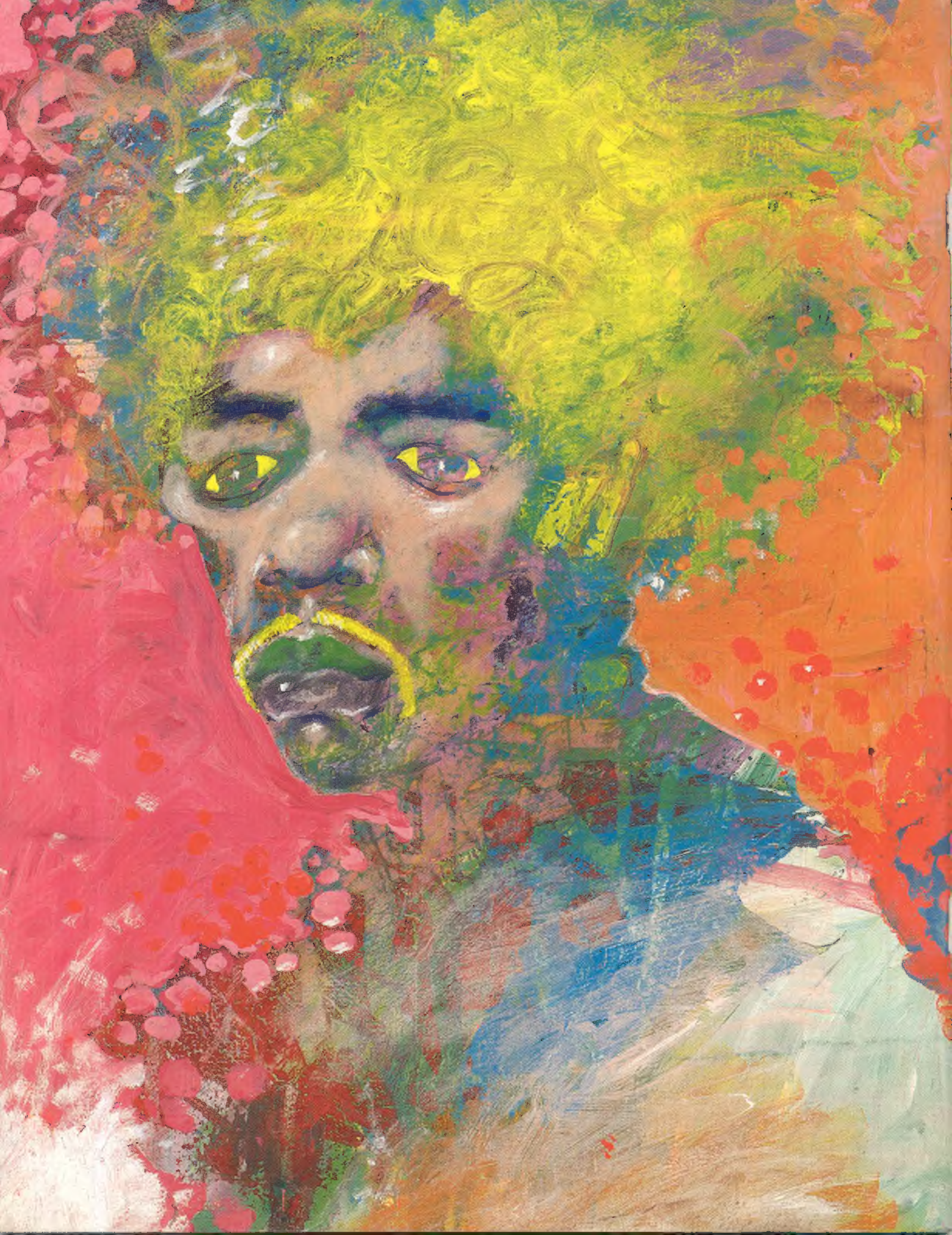
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